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Admirals and Sovereignty

THE real importance of the Parliamentary commotion about the appointment of an American as the Supreme Atlantic Commander is that, almost by chance, the British public has been given a glimpse into the revolutionary transformation of our national sovereignty which is proceeding under the compulsion of the Cold War. The British people accepted the Atlantic Pact, with varying degrees of distaste, as an instrument of collective defence forced upon us by Russian intransigence; and many of us still hope that its character can be changed if the Eastern and Western Powers achieve a negotiated settlement of their differences. But even in peace-time the institutions of modern warfare have their own independent laws of development. To create a system of collective defence to-day involves the radical reconstruction not only of the national economies of the participating States but of the structure of national sovereignty itself.

It is indeed one of the ironies of history that the transcendance of national sovereignty through supra-national organisations, which Socialists have for so long urged for the purposes of peace, is in fact only acceptable to governments bent upon rearmament. A Schuman Plan for pooling the iron and steel of the twelve Atlantic nations would have been as indignantly repudiated by Mr. Truman as it was by Mr. Attlee. But an integrated European command for defence, which commits the U.S. to war in defiance of the Constitution, has been swallowed easily enough on the other side of the Atlantic except by noisy isolationists. So too, here in Britain, the bawling match between Mr. Attlee and Mr. Churchill is not about the *principle* of integrated defence, although it is precisely this principle which is ending our island independence. What they disagree about is the quite subsidiary "prestige" question of whether the Admiral in charge of the Atlantic should be British or American.

It is fairly clear that, if the question is considered within the narrow limits of strategic efficiency, Mr. Attlee has a strong case. The American Atlantic fleet in wartime would be far larger than ours and the strategic reserve can only be American. Since the main task of the Supreme Commander is defined as allocating that reserve between the three active commands —East Atlantic, West Atlantic and Mediterranean—it would be natural to put an American in this post, while entrusting the fighting commands on our side of the Atlantic to Englishmen. It is easy enough to see how Mr. Attlee came to regard this appointment as sensible and indeed inevitable.

The trouble is that a Prime Minister needs something more than a tidy mind and administrative capacity. He must have political insight as well and an understanding of the temper of his people. What makes strategic sense to the Service Chiefs immersed in the details of Atlantic organisation, may provide an occasion for political suicide if one isolated item is suddenly revealed to the public without any explanation. The British public responded to Mr. Attlee's curt repudiation of the Schuman Plan and his refusal to permit our iron and steel to be surrendered to the control of some unspecified Frenchmen and Germans. It is completely bewildered when the same Prime Minister admits, almost casually, that he thinks it an excellent idea for Washington to have the last word about the disposal of the British fleet; and then waspishly accuses anyone who objects of promoting dissension between allies. Whatever the technical merits of the proposal, the Prime Minister's method of justifying it to the House of Commons and to the nation was deplorable.

No wonder Mr. Churchill saw a chance to earn some quick and easy electoral profits. Of course, neither he nor his colleagues have ever urged that on any matter of substance the Government should stand up to the Americans. But here, precisely because prestige, and only prestige, is at issue, Mr. Churchill has a golden opportunity to shine as the champion of Nelson's countrymen and to demand from the Americans the shadow of independence in exchange for surrendering the substance into their hands.

It is all good knock-about election fun. But the British people, who are far less easily deceived by such stunts than most politicians imagine, are uneasily aware of the truth. The real issue—the role of Britain as peacemaker and conciliator in world politics—is being decided in technical committees and behind closed doors, and neither Parliament nor the electorate have any part in these decisions. Mr. Attlee's failure is that he has thought it unnecessary over the last twelve months to tell us fairly and openly the sacrifices of sovereignty which the Atlantic Pact involves and so to enable us to make up our minds on the appallingly difficult question whether collective security at the price of national independence is really worth while.

The Railways

The eleventh-hour agreement on the railway wages claims averted a general stoppage but left a difficult problem which has yet to be solved. The advance, now conceded, of about 7½ per cent. for most of the Conciliation Grades will cost £12 millions a year; and when allowance is made for similar increases which will have to be granted in the railway shops, and for the rising cost of coal and other materials, it is estimated that there will be a gap this year of £25 millions between the net operating profits of the system and the amount required to meet the fixed interest charge of £36 millions.

The gap may be narrowed a little by relaxation of restrictive practices. In signing the wage agreement the Union Executives acknowledged "the imperative need" for "the elimination of waste of man-power." But the members of the A.S.L.E.F.—most affected by the Railway Executive's proposals for additional "lodging turns" and longer rostered hours—are distinctly critical of the wage advances, which represent only half what they had claimed. Indeed, if the cost of living continues to rise, wages ranging from 102s. 6d. for an engine cleaner to 149s. 6d. for a fifth-year driver may soon be regarded as no more than an interim adjustment. Even as it is, there seems likely to be considerable opposition to economies at the expense of working conditions.

The immediate reaction of the Railway Executive is to argue that it must endeavour to make ends meet by raising charges. We are very doubtful if this is the correct solution. If, as we fear, higher fares and freight rates had the effect of driving more traffic on to the roads, the state of the railways would be worse than ever. The wisest policy, we suggest, should be, first to press on, as a matter of urgency, with the "take-over" of passenger road services, and then to explore the possibility of securing really worth-while economies on the railways by closing redundant stations and eliminating branch-line services which can be dispensed with, given real co-ordination between road and rail. This, however, is a solution which calls for time: apart from other considerations, large-scale dismissals of railway personnel would not be practical politics. In the interim, and with the specific proviso that the unions must co-operate fully in effecting enonomies and increased productivity, the Government—which, after all, was responsible for averting a stoppage by directing the Railway Executive to go beyond the Court of Inquiry's award—would be well advised to authorise the Transport Commission to give the Railway Executive a "period of grace." It might have, say, two or three years before being required to meet the fixed charge out of operating profits.

Order 1305

In the discussions that have been going on this week between the trade unions, the employers and the Government, the union leaders have been pressing for the abolition of compulsory arbitration, or rather of the existing restrictions on the right to strike. Under Order 1305, as it now stands, strike action is outlawed unless a dispute has first been reported to the Minister of Labour, and he has failed to refer it to arbitration either by the National Arbitration Tribunal or by some other body. In the Order, this provision is linked with others which the unions do not wish to lose—the clause setting up the N.A.T. and the clause which provides that terms and conditions recognised in any trade as a result of collective bargaining or arbitration shall be compulsory upon all employers in the trade, even if they were not parties to the settlement. The unions wish to keep this clause, which saves a great deal of trouble in bringing laggard employers up to the scratch; and they would also prefer to keep the N.A.T. in existence, but without legal sanction behind its awards and also without power to deal with such matters as the "closed shop" and the "recognition" of particular unions. If clause 2 of the Order were deleted, the unions would regain the full right to strike—and the employers the right to lock-out. The union leaders feel that the receiving of this freedom would actually make it easier for them to deal with unofficial strikes. If the unions have their way, the N.A.T. will undoubtedly tend to become less an interpreter of official policy and more a tribunal which would have to make its judgments in the light of the relative strengths of the contending parties; for it would know that unless it did this, strikes or lock-outs would ensue, and it would have no means of getting its decisions enforced.

The Czech Purge

The troubles within the regime in Czechoslovakia, culminating in the announcement (obviously some time after the event) of the arrest of Mr. Clementis, have arisen, it would seem, less from "Titoism" than from the old friction between Brno and Prague. Clementis, of course, had long been under a cloud: apart from other alleged "deviations," he had never been forgiven for insisting, against the advice of the Communist Party, on appointing Houdek to represent Czechoslovakia at Lake Success. Houdek's defection was chalked up heavily against Clementis, and it seems probable that he may have been "Titoist" in the sense of opposing Russian conceptions of reconciliation with Germany and the possible repatriation of some Sudeten workers in the interests of the industrial plan. The present affair, however, seems to have begun with the disgrace and arrest, last November, of Otto Sling, the Party Secretary at Brno—on charges both of contacts with Western agents and of petty Bonapartism and indiscipline. Sling seems to have had, as might be expected, Slovak friends within the Party at Prague; and his arrest was followed with that of Marie Svermova, assistant general-secretary of the Party, whose "crime" apparently was that she had tried to "cover-up" Sling's activities. These arrests of prominent personalities have been accompanied by others, to a number unknown, and by a large-scale party purge.

The recent connection between Clementis and Sling is not clear; but it may be significant that they worked together in the matter of the expulsion of the Hungarian minority from Slovakia. In any event, it is noteworthy that Smidke and Holkos (now arrested) are also Slovaks, as were Husak and Novomesky, who, like Clementis, have now been expelled from the Party. The victims of the purge are doubtless destined to play their part in a dramatic trial in which "Western imperialism" will be the chief, if absent, accused; but it also looks as though Gottwald and his colleagues have not yet solved the problem of reconciling Slovak Nationalism with Czechoslovak totalitarianism.

Titoism in Italy

It is difficult at this distance to know what political significance to attach to the defection from the Italian Communist Party of Magnani and Cucchi, two Communist deputies, and some hundred lesser personalities. Is this a movement confined to a handful of intellectuals—the Communist Party in Italy now claims about two and a half million adherents—or does it reach down into the proletarian roots of the Party? If it is the second, then Magnani and Cucchi may have started something on a Titoist scale; if the first, their prominence can be little more than a nine days' wonder. All we know for certain, so far, is that the leaders of this defection have made common cause with Ignazio Silone; that their statements are heavily impregnated with "Titoist thinking"; and that for the time being they are saying little or nothing either about their plans or their supporters.

The ground of their "heresy" seems based on the belief that Italian Communists, in the event of war, ought to defend Italy from an attack, no matter from what direction it might come—including, that is, from Russia—and that the Italian Communist Party, under Togliatti's ultra-orthodox guidance, has become dictatorial and bureaucratic. Magnani, it may be noted, has spent some time in Yugoslavia and commanded Italian partisan detachments which made common cause with the Yugoslav partisans during the war. How far these beliefs will find an echo in the strongholds of Communist support—the great towns of the North—remains to be seen: for the moment the "movement," if it can be called that, seems limited to Emilia, the traditional home of radical extremism in Italy and the birthplace of the Fascist *squadristi*. A report in the *Manchester Guardian* this week makes the intelligent point that the Neo-Fascist "M.S.I." is leaning over backwards to find common ground with these ex-Communists. It may be expected, however, that Silone's experienced hand, if it remains effective, will prevent this.

Troops for Europe

The debate between the Administration and the Republican Old Guard, which has been going on for several weeks, has now come down to a single issue. Has Congress the power virtually to dictate American strategy by putting a ban on the dispatch of U.S. troops to Europe? Generals Eisenhower, Marshall and Bradley have all argued that the President can and must use his discretion in strengthening U.S. units overseas, and they have now been joined by Governor Dewey, who this week testified before the Senate Foreign Relations and Armed Services Committees. Both Mr. Dewey and Mr. Stassen have urged the Republican Party to support the President, on the grounds that a refusal by Congress to commit more ground troops in Europe "would be a simple direct notice to Stalin that . . . Europe is his for the asking."

This has left Senators Wherry and Taft as the last important spokesmen of what now seems to

be a lost cause. Deserted by a considerable section of their own party, they have fought to the end for the Wherry resolution, which would subordinate the President's power of moving troops to Congressional approval. Their isolationist argument wavers between the proposition that Europe is not worthy of defence to the kindred idea that it is incapable of defence, and that American resources would be squandered there in a hopeless struggle. Mr. Herbert Hoover, the Senators' greatest ally outside Congress, has again insisted that any land forces in Europe can be overwhelmed in a matter of days. He, therefore, falls back on air and naval power rather than the "dangerous unknown" of land operations But Senator Taft wants the U.S. ground contribution to be set at a precise figure: the alternative, he insists, "may be staggering secret commitments." He implied that the six divisions promised to General Eisenhower were "only a starter," and that America might have to send up to eighteen divisions unless the European nations gave firm assurances that they would fill their quotas. Why, he asks, should the United States condemn the bulk of its Army to defeat and ensure the destruction of Europe should Russia attack?

It seems that the Wherry motion must fail. In its place, the Senate will carry a substitute proposed—with Administration approval—by Senator Connally, approving the dispatch of additional troops to Europe, but declaring it to be the sense of the Senate that the President first "consult" Congress. The "great debate" thus draws to its inevitable close. Most of the fuss would not have occurred had the President been more tactful in his handling of the Senate on this question.

U.S. Bases in the Mediterranean

The string of new American bases in the Mediterranean is seemingly to be considerably extended. The *New York Times* of February 9 reported that an American air base is to be established on Cyprus—"only 1,500 air miles from Moscow"—which "probably will be developed into one of the main U.S. air strongholds in the Middle East, built to handle heavy and long-range bombers." The Americans were reported in the same paper to have asked Britain for "facilities at a dozen other British bases in the Middle East and Mediterranean areas." Similar American requests are elsewhere reported for bases in Tunisia, as well as in Morocco.

On the Northern shores of the Mediterranean, meanwhile, the Greek Government is showing much martial spirit. At a time when Greek politicians might be expected to think exclusively of the needs of peaceful reconstruction, Prime Minister Venizelos seems to be having thoughts of marching on the Danube. "The Greek Government feels that Western planning is moving too slowly," he told the press some days ago, and asked for despatch to Greece of a British division, for the establishment in Greece of "a powerful striking force," and for rapid realisation of a Turkish-Yugoslav-Greek "military alliance" which should be closely linked to Eisenhower's SHAPE. Echoing certain Western German prophets of the "offensive-defensive," Venizelos said that: "We believe we should not only be prepared to defend our territory but to attack," and thought that "we could march on the Danube and run a spearhead through the enemy flanks which could cripple any Russian attempts to drive to the English Channel." Such pseudo-strategic ravings may perhaps raise a smile: what must evidently be taken seriously, however, is the thought now manifest in Athens that the time may soon be ripe for the much-meditated invasion of Albania. Toasting an assembly of the irredentist "Association of Greek Refugees from Northern Epirus" in Yannina on Feb. 18, Venizelos said that he hoped "the next time I raise my glass it will coincide with the liberation of Northern Epirus, which I shall never abandon."

India and Pakistan

It is welcome news that India and Pakistan have concluded a trade pact which removes at least one cause of friction between the two Dominions. India has sensibly recognised that the rearmament boom, with soaring prices for Pakistan jute and cotton, now justifies economically Pakistan's decision not to devalue her currency in step with the Indian rupee. The new agreement breaks the stand-still in Indo-Pakistan trade and provides for the supply by India of coal, coke, iron and cement, which Pakistan badly needed to keep her factories going, while Pakistan is to deliver in return the raw jute essential for the Calcutta mills and 500,000 tons of urgently required food grains.

Whether this resumption of friendly trading relations will lead to a more accommodating attitude on either side towards the Kashmir problem is another matter. At Lake Success, Britain and the U.S. have joined in proposing that the Security Council should appoint a new mediator in Sir Owen Dixon's place; that, if mediation again fails, there should be reference to arbitration by the International Court; and that, pending a "free and impartial" plebiscite under U.N. auspices, the mediator should arrange for the demilitarisation of Jammu and Kashmir—with the possibility of U.N. forces holding the ring, and the further possibility of border districts opting for inclusion in the territory of the two main contestants. This would be one way—perhaps a tactful way—of giving recognition to the fact of partition.

Tug-of-war in Morocco

General Juin and the French colonial administration in Morocco have apparently gained their object of inducing the Sultan to withdraw from the close ties he has formed over the past year or so with the Istiqlal, the party of Moroccan independence. The Sultan has dissolved his "cabinet of advisers"—who have leaned towards the Istiqlal—and has issued a statement condemning the Istiqlal and its methods at least in so many words, though not by name. For the time being, the field is clear once more for the French administration—urged on by backward French *colons* badly frightened by the Sultan's support for social reforms, including the introduction to Morocco of trade union rights—to rule once more through local chieftains and by means of decrees. How far the Sultan had moved towards democracy may be measured by the surprisingly enlightened statement that he made on returning from his visit to Paris last November: "We nourish the firm hope," he then said: "that the aspirations of the working class to the recognition of trade union rights will be realised."

From this position the Sultan has retreated only under duress. While French administrators in the interior, under orders from General Juin, have systematically persecuted the Istiqlal, Juin himself has worked on the Sultan. On January 26 he told the Sultan that failure to abandon the Istiqlal and its aspirations might well result in his deposition; to give teeth to this threat, the French have looked kindly—to say the very least—on the armed agitation of El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marrakesh. Although Moroccans are forbidden to carry arms, a large force of El Glaoui's armed tribesmen were apparently able to ride unhindered into Rabat this week, and there to "demonstrate" against the Sultan's democratic wickedness.

Reactions in Paris have shown that M. Schuman, at least, has watched Juin's behaviour with dislike. But Paris, much visited lately by furious *colons* from Morocco, has now come down on Juin's side; and it is reported even that President Auriol has sent the Sultan a personal letter to that effect. It is not perhaps hard to discern what lies behind this *volte-face*. At about the time that Juin was threatening the Sultan, the Americans landed a large force of troops in Morocco—unofficially reported at 20,000 men—to man, service, and garrison the many bases which the United States is now, by agreement with Paris, to maintain in Morocco. What Paris now fears, all too clearly, is that the United States, determined to stay in Morocco, will compound with the Istiqlal rather than risk "disorders." The Americans cannot be ignorant of the fact that the Istiqlal is the only powerful body of organised opinion in Morocco, that it has the sympathy of the mass of Moroccans of the towns and of most intellectuals and that it has recommended its members to refuse to recognise international obligations, such as those entailed by the granting of American bases, which are made for Morocco by the French. The Moroccan nationalists, like others, also refuse "annihilation without representation."

Installing Eisenhower

Our Paris Correspondent writes: France has been enjoying a little quiet fun and nonsense about General Eisenhower's return to France, the plans for creating the SHAPE headquarters in the Forest of Marly, and the bitter complaints of Mrs. Eisenhower about her dislike of the Louis XIV furniture at her Versailles residence, where—with 70 degrees—she also did not feel warm enough and fused all the lights by plugging in three electric radiators all at once. Which, of course, was a godsent opportunity for the Communist press to snarl: "If you don't like it here, why the hell don't you go home?"

A more serious side to it all was the American report that Franco-American conversations had begun with a view to establishing numerous American air bases in France. The Left-wing press took this up in a big way, and started talking about "atom-bomb bases in France." Although it is admitted on the American side that the American Air Force (USAAFE) headquarters have been moved from Wiesbaden to St. Germain, but that "no conversations with the French have yet begun," M. Jules Moch, the Minister of Defence, suddenly made a grandiose announcement, intended no doubt to reassure the French public, saying that no establishment of American air bases is "contemplated" in France.

Despite this, the Americans persist in saying that, even if there have been no "conversations," they have, nevertheless, been examining numerous "potential airfields, notably in the Paris area." One can only conclude that the French, like the British, public are not at all enchanted at the prospect of providing the U.S. with atomic bases (and targets), and that M. Moch has found

himself obliged to salve his Socialist conscience by a little quibbling. In the end he will, of course, agree to the atomic bases, just as, in the end, he agreed to German rearmament after a noble—and dangerous—display of independence.

PARLIAMENT: Drake's Drum

Wednesday.

SINCE Mr. Churchill determined upon the downfall of the Government, debates in the Commons have suffered a shift of emphasis. The devoted search of the Leader of the Opposition for a jujube, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer was making a speech, was more than an act. It was a symbol: there was no real point in listening to Government spokesmen making speeches. Nor, indeed, does it matter very much to the Tories what their own spokesmen say. Seldom can so many different things have been said so quickly in succession on the same subjects. Last week the Government was blamed because there was no Argentine beef; this week it is held culpable for sending the tinplate to the River Plate, without which Britain could not get even canned beef. Not arguments, but votes, decide. What does inconsistency matter? People forget speeches.

On Thursday, the unbreakable bond with America followed Defence into the limbo of the things about which the Opposition will not indulge in factious controversy. Nothing, it seems, can separate us from our great ally, save the question of the Captain of the King's Navee. When the P.M. announced, after questions, that a U.S. admiral had been appointed as Officer Commanding the Atlantic Defence Fleet, Members grew uproarious. The heirs of Raleigh and Nelson rose in wrath on both sides of the House. For the roll of Drake's drum echoes also in Labour ears. The Premier, unprepared for the squall, ran before the wind and promised to look at the matter again. On Monday, refurbished, he nailed his flag mast-high. "Do we not know far more than the Americans about submarine warfare?" demanded Churchill truculently. "Will the supreme command in some other ocean be allotted to British commanders?" inquired Wyatt from behind the Premier. "If submarine experience is the criterion," said Emrys Hughes, "should not the claims of a German admiral, now under lock and key, be considered?" Questions degenerated into what the Speaker called "a kind of disorderly debate," until the P.M. was rescued by a constitutional trick of closing discussion. Glenvil Hall gave notice that he would raise the subject on an adjournment debate. Mr. Speaker looked glad at being able to seize on this straw. Mr. Attlee looked relieved.

On Friday, a Tory back-bencher, Mr. J. R. Bevins, succeeded where Mr. Churchill habitually fails. On a Private Member's motion, an amending Bill to the Transport Act was given a second reading, "to extend the radius of operation of hauliers from 25 to 60 miles." It was a barren victory, for the Government will undoubtedly defeat the intention of the Bill in committee. But it served to stimulate the Tory Whips to a renewed effort to unseat the Government. Twice on Tuesday, the Opposition forced divisions and twice were defeated. Ironically enough, their victory on Friday was due more to the success of the Minister of Labour in negotiating with the other branch of State transport, than to any innate ability of their own. If the railways had carried out their threat and gone on strike, Members would have had to stay in London and the Tories would not have won. Paradoxically, therefore, it was Bevan's triumph that provided Bevin's opportunity.

TOM WILLIAMS

An Expert Warning

"OUR obvious, our supreme and our only aim," said Lord Ismay in the House of Lords on February 22, "should be to avoid war." Lord Ismay is not a pacifist, a fellow-traveller or even an anti-American. He cannot be written off as "Bloomsbury." He was Mr. Churchill's personal military adviser during the war and must be counted among the first experts on the subject. His conclusion that to avoid war should be "our supreme and only aim"—a most uncompromising phrase—was based on knowledge of the latest weapons which, he said, would make war "infinitely worse than anything one can imagine." He remarked that "aircraft can carry death, disease and lasting devastation—I repeat the word 'lasting'—over 5,000 miles." That is to say that whole populations can be wiped out and new, permanent deserts created by atomic, and soon, if report is to be believed, by hydrogen bombs. If the High Command is still dissatisfied with the results obtained by these weapons, it can try biological sprays or bacteriological infection. The technical objection (since in such matters the military mind is only restrained by technical objections) to attempting to kill millions of people by plague is that the plague-stricken fleas or other vehicles of disease might not be particular about infringing international frontiers. In short, the plague might not be confined to the gooks of Asia, but might also affect the "civilised" Whites who used such weapons.

Lord Ismay said, no doubt truly, that "there is no outrage against international law, against the laws of God or man from which the Soviet would shrink if they found it expedient so to do." He might have added that the same thing is unhappily true of other Great Powers and that, so far, it is the Americans who have found it expedient to drop atomic bombs, and who, at the present time, under the flag of the United Nations, are systematically destroying the towns and villages of North Korea with casualties amongst civilians so far estimated at somewhere between one million and two millions. American and British correspondents who have been allowed by their editors to describe what they have seen on the spot have been unequivocal on the point. If the Russians do find it expedient to follow the example of the United Nations, they will undoubtedly do so. This is of importance to the British. We are peculiarly vulnerable to long-range weapons and a peculiarly likely target in view of the American boast that their aircraft in East Anglia and the Midlands enjoy the benefit of an unsinkable aircraft carrier. Americans gain more comfort than the British from the fact that we are unsinkable.

"War," said Lord Ismay in the same honest speech, "is not only horrible; it is senseless. It may solve one problem, but it creates two or three others which are equally intractable." Just so. Unless the problem itself, the relation of classes and nations, is solved, one more war merely leads to a new shift of power and another war. Yesterday's enemy is to-day's friend. To-day's friend is the final never-to-be-appeased of the next war. On analogies of recent history, the Fourth World War should be fought between Russia and America as allies on the one side, against Japan, Germany and Africa on the other. Since, as Lord Ismay says, this process is senseless, we ought to "continue to strive for conversations with Russia at the highest level. We must talk from strength . . . even if we cannot persuade them to change their ways, we may at least convince them that it is not the objective of the capitalist world to encircle them as they think or profess to think."

Here Lord Ismay seems to be suffering from a hangover from the last war. It was Nazi Germany, with the Western democracies on one side and Russia on the other, which could be "encircled," as Hitler put it, or "restrained by collective security," as we preferred to put it in the West. "Collective security" is a deceptive phrase in a world in which there are only two or three Great Powers—a fact recognised in the presence of the Security Council of permanent, veto-possessing members. "Encirclement" cannot apply to the relation of one half of the world to the other half. Where Lord Ismay was, we believe, right was in finding some basis for hope of peace in his interpretation of Soviet policy. He stated that matter correctly when he said:

> Although their abiding ambition is to spread Communism throughout the world, their first love is the safety of the Russian homeland; and they will never allow their crusading zeal to involve them in action which will endanger their security. That is why in the two decades between the wars they refrained from any action on a big scale to spread Communism. That is why Stalin made that shameful pact with Hitler in 1939—he was frightened for the safety of Russia.

And that is why after the experience of occupation by the Wehrmacht and casualties amounting, military and civilian, probably to fifteen million or more, the Soviet Union, while still always ready to encourage revolutionary movements beyond her frontiers and to consolidate her hold over near neighbours, is not prepared to risk war with Great Powers if any acceptable alternative is offered her. That is why it is true to say that though Russian policy between the two wars, based on a doctrinaire interpretation of the development of Western capitalism, has hurried America into an imperialist phase that in normal circumstances she might have taken thirty years to reach, the Kremlin is now in all probability ready and anxious for conversations and for agreement on terms with the West.

It is easy to dismiss recent Russian Notes as so much propaganda and political warfare. Certainly they contain an unnecessary mixture of material which could not be digested by anyone outside the Iron Curtain, but there seems no reason to doubt the sincerity of the last sentence in the latest Soviet note to Britain which says that the U.S.S.R. "would highly appreciate any step that the Government of Great Britain really directed to improving the relation between our countries."

If this analysis is broadly correct, the Foreign Ministers may begin their discussions at a comparatively hopeful moment. It is a moment at which the Soviet Union has been alarmed by

the speed and strength of the United Nations action in Korea (however much perverted and disgraced by MacArthur's action in provoking war with China); by America's threat to establish air bases in France, Spain, North Africa; above all, by the proposed rearmament of Germany and Japan. There is now reason to believe that, on terms that increased her own security, Russia might, in fact, ease the way for the long-postponed Austrian peace treaty; that she might agree to a plan for the demilitarisation of Germany, and the disarming and disbanding of the *Bereitschaften*; that she might be induced to halt her military plans for the satellite Powers, and even reduce the daily propaganda threat against Yugloslavia.

Such results to-day would be the highest achievements of diplomacy. They would be based on strength, as the saying now goes, but also on the realisation that the point of increasing one's "strength" is to facilitate a bargain with another Power which is also strong.

There are two threats to the conference. The first is that the Russians may rely on the West being so divided by resentment at American domination and the general fear of German rearmament that they may think it unnecessary to make the concessions needful for a settlement. The second is that America, relying on the colossal promise of her own growing military strength, may assume that in 1952 she may be in a position to force Soviet Russia to accept an ultimatum; under that delusion the West might now neglect what may be the last opportunity. Even if the U.S.S.R. were still in the mood for concessions in 1952, it is at least doubtful whether in twelve months' time America will be in a position, either psychologically or economically, to call off or even slow down the gigantic process of rearmament.

For those who agree with Lord Ismay that to avoid war must be our "supreme aim," the decisive question now is whether British proposals for a preliminary settlement with the U.S.S.R. are to be genuine or put forward for propagandist purposes, and, if they do provide a basis for negotiation, whether America can be persuaded to a similar realism.

Incitement

It was Heine who said that the Englishman loved liberty like his wedded wife. He added that he might some day take her to Smithfield with a rope round her neck and sell her. These words come to mind on a reading of Section 6 of the Reserve and Auxiliary Forces (Training) Bill. This Bill is part of the process of rearmament. That process in itself (unless it is accompanied by energetic peace-making diplomacy) may constitute a threat to peace, as it certainly constitutes a threat to our economic stability. This new Bill is a token and a sign that it may also involve surrender of basic civil liberties.

Section 6 itself is based upon similar provisions in the Incitement to Disaffection Act of 1934. That Act was the subject of fierce criticism from members of the Government Front Bench, including Mr. Attlee himself. Indeed, he concluded the Second Reading debate by saying that people in Berlin who "have had Mill on *Liberty* have been arrested because of the danger that the book might overthrow the State. It will very soon come to that if we have this kind of legislation." Mr. Attlee's Government has now seen fit to introduce that very kind of legislation. For Section 6 (1) is so wide and so vague in its original draft that it undoubtedly constitutes a threat to the free expression of opinion in this country. It states that "if any person endeavours to incite persons called up or liable to be called up under this part of this Act to failure in the performance, or to evasion, of any duties or liabilities under this part of this Act which they are, or may become, liable to perform or discharge, or to incite such persons to perform or discharge any such duties or liabilities otherwise than to the best of their ability, he shall be guilty of an offence . . ."

It will be seen that the Government has dropped the very limited safeguard of the 1934 Act, that, to constitute an offence, the accused must have acted "maliciously and advisedly." These words were originally introduced into the Mutiny Act of 1797, and in that same year there was a helpful judgment in *R. v. Fuller* that "advisedly" meant "knowingly." Although these words do not give much additional protection to honest expression of opinion, practising lawyers would far prefer to conduct a defence to a charge under the Section if the words were in than if they were out. More important is the fact that, if these words are omitted from the present Bill, whereas they are included in the 1934 Act, the Court may be led as a matter of construction to conclude that the burden of proving guilty intention in this Bill is less than that required by the much criticised 1934 Act.

The breadth and vagueness of the definition of the offence in Section 6 (1) is most material to sub-section 2, which makes it an offence to have possession or control of any document of such a nature that the dissemination of copies of it among persons liable to be called up would constitute an offence. This, as Mr. J. Hudson has pointed out, would make possession of a marked copy of the New Testament dangerous. Sub-section 3 deals with the issue of warrants to search premises for evidence that an offence against sub-section 1 has been committed. This section retains the safeguards which were won during the 1934 debates and gives to a Judge of the High Court alone the power to grant a warrant. Yet all that the police need show to a Judge is that there is reasonable ground for suspecting that someone has endeavoured to incite someone liable to be called up to perform his duties otherwise than to the best of his ability. The mere statement of how little needs to be proved by the police underlines the peril of these provisions.

It is true that only the Attorney General can initiate prosecutions under the Section. Once the Bill becomes law, however, it will be the duty of the police to enforce it; and, whoever the Attorney General may be, if he is confronted by the police with evidence of the commission of an offence under this Section, his duty may well compel him to prosecute. Police activity will acquire its own powerful momentum. Policemen will have occasion, indeed a duty, to interfere more and more in our political life. It will become easier to send people to prison because of the opinions they hold.

These are not merely legalistic points. The provisions of this Bill affect directly about four million citizens. The 1934 Act was only concerned with actual members of H.M. forces. There is no public meeting at which Z Reservists are not likely to be present; and, if this Bill becomes law without drastic amendment, we shall have to become a tongue-tied democracy.

London Diary

There must be many to whom the new "Incitement to Disaffection Bill" recalls a vivid and indeed a rather pleasurable memory. It was an issue on which the "Left," including, of course, many Liberals and some progressive Tories, won a partial victory in 1934. Mr. Aneurin Bevan may still remember some of his eloquent periods in a big Trafalgar Square protest meeting. I recall, too, a great occasion in the Central Hall with H. G. Wells, Desmond MacCarthy and E. M. Forster protesting against this gagging Act. Another memorable form of pressure was a mock trial held in Friends' House, with David Low as the prisoner charged with seducing Critic (a Welsh soldier) from his allegiance by means of an anti-war cartoon. Graham Hutton and W. H. Thompson (he died, alack, some years ago) were leading Counsel, Miles Malleson, a wonderful Policeman, and Aylmer Vallance the Judge. The trial brought out many gross absurdities and dangers in the Bill. I recall the moment—the dialogue was largely impromptu—when Miles Malleson was asked whether the soldier was drunk. He said: "Not as 'ow you'd say drunk, nor yet sober. He was about the amber light stage."

* * *

An example of how confused and bemused organised Labour can become where clear leadership is lacking, was the curious behaviour of official Labour in Durham and Tyneside towards meetings arranged by the Northern Region Fabians last week-end to consider the Far Eastern situation. These Peace with China discussions were unanimously approved by the Fabian Regional Committee, but Fabian Headquarters attempted to discourage them, although the speaker, Ritchie Calder, is a member of the Executive of the Fabian Society. Note that the meetings were for "briefing" in the Fabian tradition of examining the facts, and there was no question of the Fabian Society, as such, being involved in any committees that were set up as a result. In Darlington, the local Labour Party co-operated. In Middlesbrough, Newcastle and Sunderland official Labour did not participate, and in Hartlepool the local Party refused to allow the Fabians to hire the only available hall. Throughout the area, the word was passed round by official Labourites that the local Fabians were "disguised Communists" and that the Peace with China movement was an attempt to undermine the Labour Government. They had not bothered to examine the facts; they did not realise that Peace with China meetings up and down the country are broadly in

support of Mr. Attlee's policy in the Far East, though they urge him to tougher efforts to persuade America to Britain's way of thinking.

* * *

The widely quoted remark about teaching children not to have confidence in the press which was made by the editor of this journal was *not* inaccurately reported. It was, on the contrary, the deliberate conclusion of one bit of a sustained argument, and, as such, justifiable. The argument (made in a Union Society debate at Cambridge) was that the press was efficient and, considering the circumstances of production, surprisingly accurate; that it was highly successful as a commercial proposition with the primary function of entertaining us; that no one should be surprised if the proprietor of a mass circulation paper failed to provide a solid political education as a by-product of the news and entertainment that primarily sold his newspapers. In particular, a treatment of the complex problems of foreign politics which personifies nations into good and evil and ever-changing friends and foes is highly dangerous to democracy. Therefore if you want to bring up a generation of children who understand foreign affairs, you must teach them to read between the lines of newspapers and not to have confidence in their slogan and poster treatment of the foreign scene. Does anyone in Fleet Street seriously differ? And what would the press have said if he had quoted the Editor of the *Sunday Express*, who told the Press Commission "that whenever we see a story in a newspaper concerning something we know about, it is more often wrong than right"?

* * *

The Chinese Nationalists are once more trying to blockade the mainland. On February 22, the Norwegian ship *Hoi Houw* arrived at Hong Kong and reported that it had been intercepted by one of Chiang's destroyers, taken to Keelung and detained there for nine days. The cargo of 2,900 tons of cotton and dyestuffs was confiscated. Four days later, another Norwegian ship, *Castleville*, reported that only ten miles outside Hong Kong waters it was ordered to stop by a warship of the Chiang Kai-shek fleet, but that it escaped in the fog. When President Truman ordered the U.S. Seventh Fleet to "neutralise" Formosa he also told Chiang to call off his blockade of the mainland. From the point of view of countries like Britain which have recognised Mao Tse-tung's Government, these interceptions of ships engaged in peaceful commerce are simply acts of piracy.

* * *

I have always thought that "separation"—there are over 100,000 separated couples in England and Wales—is a cruel and unnatural way of life. Some of these judicial separations have lasted thirty years, some over fifty; and whether they began by deed, court order, agreement, or merely "drifting apart," there can be no divorce—either because the "innocent" party will not take action under the three-years desertion clause in the 1937 Act, or because there was in fact agreement to part and not desertion. Since in these cases no reconciliation is to be expected, the law in its present form demands that this considerable body of unhappy people shall remain in celibacy, but actually discrediting the law, and perpetuating the present high rate of illegitimacy. (There were 37,064 illegitimate children in 1949.) I hope Mrs. Eirene White's Marriage Law Reform Bill, due for second reading next Friday, gets the support it deserves. It would set up a brand-new principle by ignoring the legal—and often false—distinction between the "innocent" and "guilty" party, and enable either to sue for divorce on the grounds of separation for not less than seven years. (It would not affect divorce actions under the law as it is at present.) The court would have to be satisfied, under the Bill, that there was no reasonable prospect of resumed co-habitation, and that a petitioning husband had properly maintained his wife and children during the seven years whether by agreement, court order, or voluntary undertaking. His divorce might not be made absolute until he had paid off arrears. This last provision, I should say, would encourage a good many skinflint absentees to keep up their payments at least for the seven year period: and thereafter, if they sued, they would acquire the same liability for maintenance as any other petitioner.

* * *

Overheard: "We couldn't win an egg and spoon race, let alone a game of cricket . . ."

"It's wonderful winning the Test Match, isn't it? It makes war seem less likely somehow . . ."

"I suppose they'll want to integrate cricket and baseball under an American captain now, won't they?"

CRITIC

IN KOREA

Three separate wars are raging in Korea
As armies are engaging in Korea,
  There's the war of occupation,
  And the war of liberation,
  And the civil conflagration
    in Korea.

The West assures the Asian in Korea
It will suffer no invasion of Korea,
  Its singular objective
  Is security collective,
  Which must first be made effective
    in Korea.

Great Powers bent on saving the Koreans,
Are killing, or enslaving, the Koreans,
  Every limited offensive
  Causing havoc more extensive
  And the massacre intensive
    of Koreans.

There are saviours and oppressors in Korea,
Protectors and aggressors in Korea,
  But while peacemakers wrangle
  These are hard to disentangle—
  It depends upon the angle
    on Korea.

The exemplary reduction of Korea,
The methodical destruction of Korea,
  Devastation systematic
  Brings the concept democratic
  To the backward Asiatic
    in Korea.

There is only one thing certain in Korea,
Before they drop the curtain on Korea—
  The unifying mission
  Will obliterate partition
  After total demolition
    of Korea.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

In Eyam, in Derbyshire's Peak district . . . villagers will be invited to occupy the stocks "for short periods to give a touch of realism" for visiting Americans.—*Daily Mail*. (C. Grosett.)

A Surrey man applying for new National Health spectacles said his old ones had been dematerialised at a spiritualist seance.—*Sunday Express*. (B. Long.)

P.c. Harper found ——, a 27-year-old cabinet maker, lying under a bed and wrapped in a blanket. Asked what he was doing, —— replied that he always slept under the bed. "I study economics and the persecution of the coloured people," he added when arrested.—*Kensington Post*. (H. M. Newhouse.)

Pleading guilty to five charges of stealing a total of £16 belonging to the Hen and Chickens Women's Death and Dividend Club, he asked for five other similar offences to be taken into account. —*Sunday Dispatch*. (Leonard D. Blogg.)

Israel and Jordan

III. Israel's Arab Minority

Every ten days the *Transylvania* berths at Haifa with another batch of immigrants. When I drove down from Carmel to watch the proceedings, the port gates were closed. Outside stood a couple of thousand people, and along the decks of the ship a thousand Rumanian Jews. They were shouting to each other across the intervening space of the quay, while every now and then a privileged soldier in uniform was allowed up the gangway to greet his relatives. I spent the morning watching the scene.

The immigrants were of every sort, from the very poor to substantial, professional people and business people. Each of them had just 100 lbs. of hand luggage—all that the Rumanian Government permits them to take. The rest of their property must be left behind, and Communist Commissars on each ship—more ruthless in this respect than the Nazis themselves—keep a day-and-night watch to prevent smuggling of money or family jewellery. No wonder they all look so well dressed. Though fur coats are confiscated, the last Rumanian money can be spent on a new suit of clothes.

When they had passed through the Customs sheds, the refugees mingled with the crowd, and there the greetings began. Everyone seemed to have relatives—but everyone! Stripped of their possessions, they were arriving in a country they had never seen and hearing a language they had never spoken. But they were coming home, and that is the decisive thing. Loss of property, loss of profession, nothing matters when the Jewish family is reunited in the Jewish State.

A rate of immigration which, by May 15 of this year (the third birthday of Israel), will have doubled the population is, of course, an economic absurdity. The country is tiny, with few natural resources and a trade balance in which exports do not cover a quarter of essential

imports. Moreover, many of the new immigrants are not too well suited either for agriculture or for factory work. But Israel exists for "the ingathering of the exiles," and it is no use suggesting prudence to a people who have only survived by making a miracle come true. Without that *credo quia impossibile*, the Jews would have lost the war of independence, and if the Government now surrendered to the dictates of common sense, the nation would degenerate within a few years to the status of Liberia. Moreover, in a world drifting towards an open East-West conflict, the one aim must be to bring every Jew from Eastern Europe and the Arab countries before war or a decree from the Kremlin cuts the escape routes. Remembering the tens of thousands who perished in gas chambers as the result of Britain's Palestine policy, no Israeli can even conceive of limiting immigration to-day.

Everything which I saw this winter in Israel convinced me that this problem will be mastered, although the methods of dealing with it may revolutionise the structure of the nation. The élite Socialist community, dominated by the Histadruth's Austro-Marxist standard of social security and inspired by the austere political leadership of the collective settlers, can hardly survive intact; and the sacrifices which must be made for the sake of mass immigration will not be limited to material comforts. The emergence of a large population of small business men and smallholders, eking out a living on tiny plots of land, may well shift the balance of power to the Right. The new immigrants detest any form of collectivism, which reminds them of the concentration camps, or of the Communist regimes which despoiled them; and the almost total dependence of the country on American capital, whether in the form of contributions from American Jewry or of loans from the Administration, will probably accelerate this swing away from collectivism. It is not surprising that the Left-wing Socialists of the Mapam voted against the American loan. That vote was a nostalgic gesture by the party, which represents the very finest of the Kibbutzim and fails to realise that an ideology which could be indulged under the Mandate has no relevance to the hard realities of the 1950s.

But the Socialist principles will not all disappear in the melting pot. Nothing would have been easier than to treat the poorest of the new settlers, especially the tens of thousands of Yemenite Jews, as cheap labour, and permit them conveniently to take the place in the national economy of the Arab fellaheen who have fled. Under the Mandate, for instance, over 70 per cent. of the workers in the orange groves (which still provide 80 per cent. of the exports) were Arabs, and this dirt-cheap labour was the business man's obvious alternative to the expensive mechanisation and modernisation, without which no grower can pay Jewish wage rates and make a profit. This winter the growers, faced with an average loss of 2*s.* a box, were on strike for weeks. But their demand was not for lower wages, but for a higher guaranteed price from the Government. Both sides of the industry agree that there are to be no *ersatz* Arabs, no "hewers of wood and drawers of water," in Israel. And if that means, as it does, a complete transformation of the Histadruth, then that too will be swallowed after a protracted struggle.

But what about the 150,000 Arabs who remain in Israel? Two years ago, when the war was still on, I found a widespread belief that there would be no Arab-Jewish conflict once the British were gone. This illusion is fast disappearing, and responsible Israeli are at last facing the fact that the way this small Arab minority is handled will determine the relations of Israel and her neighbours.

You can see the problem in its bleakest form at Nazareth, a wholly Arab city, still under military administration. Although the Arab wage rates are kept well below the Jewish, the Histadruth has enormously improved the economic situation of the workers in the town and the villagers outside, and provided them with a health service which must be unique in the Middle East. Yet Nazareth remains a Communist city (that is, an Arab nationalist city). The reasons are only too clear. An Arab wants to go to Haifa, where he can earn Jewish wage rates in the port. But in order to cross the town limits of Nazareth, he must obtain a permit in triplicate, with three photographs. An Arab boy, who before the war could get higher education at the Arab college in Jerusalem, must now slip out illegally to Beirut if he wants to study and cannot do so in Hebrew. Despite the devoted efforts of the Histadruth, which is also trying to introduce Co-operative methods among the olive growers of Galilee, the Arabs are still second-class citizens, and are treated by the military authorities as potential fifth columnists. And the trouble is that, in the present state of suppressed war between Israel and her neighbours, the Israeli Army is completely justified in treating them in this way. If the fortunes of war changed, the vast majority of the Arab minority in Israel would side, at least passively, with the Arab armies.

What, then, is to be done? The idealists, who are mostly to be found in Ben Gurion's Mapai, hope that, as soon as peace is signed, the military restrictions on Arab movement can be withdrawn, and the task of integrating the minority begun in earnest. They admit that, with the elder generation, complete success is unlikely. The standard of living is so fantastically different that an Arab who receives Jewish wages either hoards them or smuggles them abroad. The devout Moslem woman will never be anything but appalled at the behaviour of Jewish women. The tempos of Jewish and Arab progress are so fantastically different that the communities can never coalesce, unless the Arab becomes a Jew (in culture, of course, not in religion), and that is only possible if the process begins in childhood and at the primary school.

It is this difference of tempo which is forcing some Israeli towards another solution. Would it not be wiser, they ask, to give up a Utopian experiment, accept the fact of discrepancy, and solve the problem by a wholesale exchange of populations? Why not let the 150,000 Arabs of Israel be transferred to Iraq and make place for the Jews of that country? Why not achieve peace between Israel and her neighbours not by union, either political or economic, but by separation and an agreement to disagree?

No one from outside can judge between these two alternatives. I think it is worth recording, however, that every Jordanian with whom I talked told me emphatically that the only healthy solution was the transfer of all the Arabs in Israel. To an Arab nationalist, the idea of a minority in Israel being pampered into accepting the Jewish way of life is more repellent than the policy of separateness, which is still dismissed as a surrender of Socialist principle by the leading politicians in Tel Aviv. But one thing is certain. To-day, under the festering uncertainties of the armistice, the Arab minority in Israel is both prosperous and disloyal. By enormously improving their economic conditions, the Histadruth is removing any incentive for them to leave the country: by treating them as fifth columnists, the military authorities are nurturing their resentments and cancelling out the work of the Histadruth. It is now clear that, in any peace treaty between Israel and Jordan, the fate of this Arab minority, whichever way it is decided, may make all the difference between a lasting peace and a scrap of paper.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Life in Broadmoor

BROADMOOR detention is "at His Majesty's Pleasure" and thus, in effect, an indeterminate sentence. Roughly 75 per cent. of the patients remain there for life, however long that may be. In the case of the others the Medical Superintendent is able to recommend release by the Home Secretary after periods that probably average about nine years. This figure would be much higher but for the cases (Dr. Hopwood calls them "puerperal cases") of mothers who have killed their newly born children in circumstances amounting to infanticide, and have been found "guilty but insane"; these are often restored to mental health and discharged in about two years.

Most of the inmates have committed a murder. Lesser criminals go there more rarely because they do not put up insanity as a defence: a sentence of, say, twelve months' imprisonment is preferable to the certainty of several years, and the possibility of life detention, in Broadmoor. And except where an offender is "unfit to plead" or "insane on arraignment," the question of insanity is not one for the prosecution to raise. A defence directed to a verdict of "guilty but insane" accepts from the outset that Broadmoor will be the result if it succeeds. And it has, indeed, happened that a jury has returned that verdict without hearing any medical evidence at all, in which event the authorities have no option, the law being as it is, but to detain the offender as a Broadmoor patient.

Sometimes a man is found to be insane while serving a prison sentence. He may then be transferred to Broadmoor, where he will be kept until his original sentence—without remission—has expired. He must then either

be discharged or certified. A remaining source of Broadmoor patients is the rare occurrence in which an offender is too violent and unmanageable to be tried in a court of law. Such a person goes to Broadmoor without any trial at all.

If roughly three-quarters of the patients are there for life, that is not because any such state of things is accepted by Dr. Hopwood and his staff with the passivity of public opinion. Doing all that is possible with up-to-date medicine and surgery to maint n (and where necessary to restore) physical health in the patients, they use at the same time the most modern methods of approved mental health treatment short of experimentation. The three-month course of insulin shock-treatment for schizophrenia perfected in Vienna shortly before the war, for example, is proving successful, though Dr. Hopwood deprecates any large claims for it in its present stage. Like the established treatment of "general paralysis of the insane" by infection with malaria, it amounts to giving a man an illness in order that the recuperative metabolism of the body may help to restore his mind as well. Electrical shock treatment, which is older, is by no means superseded—it is still used for cases to which it is thought suitable.

The case histories, some of which I was allowed to see, are remarkable for their care and detail; and some of the nursing staff who carry out the treatment and keep the corresponding records struck me as having a kind of statistical optimism which, nevertheless, has not infected the Medical Superintendent. He watches the progress of events with extreme care, acutely aware of his responsibility in recommending to the Home Secretary that a patient be released as cured.

For some mental conditions, in particular for congenital defect, there may be no cure. For others, nature itself can be aided by the provision of apt conditions; and this is the field of occupational therapy. The magnitude of Broadmoor's task and the constant search for the elusive means of access to the crippled mind were illustrated for me by the case of a group of men working in a large Nissen hut. Some patients can neither do nor learn the work available for them. Dr. Hopwood, worried about these ineducables and the probability that their condition would deteriorate, acquired the hut and equipped it for the simpler kinds of basket-making, weaving, rug-making, book-binding, and toy-making. Here I saw twenty men thus variously occupied. "They move around the hut trying first one thing and then another," said Dr. Hopwood, "and they usually settle on something they like and stick to it. I find it's working out fairly well."

One of them showed me proudly a little model of a sailing ship carved in wood and set on a semi-circular mount. "Got a new halfpenny?" he said. I found one and gave it to him. He pressed it into a precisely-fitting hole in the wooden mount and triumphantly held up the result for comparison. The ship was an exact copy of the one on the halfpenny; and its author's face was alight with enthusiasm and achievement. No less elated was a man who had just finished a painted wooden rocking-horse of the kind that oscillates on two axles. I nearly overlooked his efforts to attract attention as we were leaving the hut. And the fact that I did gave me an opportunity to appreciate the sensibility of the staff, all of whom, in an empirical sense at least, are mental specialists: my attention was tactfully but firmly directed to the rocking-horse, and I saw that any kind of cruelty by routine indifference could do more damage to these patients than it can to children, its usual victims.

In one of the women's day-rooms I saw a less satisfying instance of what might be called occupational therapy. A dozen women, some of them of terribly moronic appearance, were sitting round a table pulling scraps of woollen rag to pieces. They were all patients who, until this impulse was thus canalised, persistently picked their clothing to shreds. I suppose that the supply of destructive energy in a mental institution is likely to exceed that of creative energy, and this use of it struck me as resourceful, especially as the supply of wool threads from this table is put to a number of uses; but I felt it to be the saddest thing I had seen, precisely because of its thwarted fatuity.

To me, indeed, though many of them were obviously "stabilised" and doing well, the women were a sad sight. They have the appearance of varying more in age than the men. There is a more striking contrast between those in their twenties, using make-up and lipstick, and those of seventy or eighty, some of whom are bent and shapeless creatures with spread feet, toothless mouths, and a demeanour that oddly mixes complaint with ingratiation. No enforced community of youth and age has ever seemed to me more painful. Some of these old ladies were holding shawls round their shoulders, though the centrally heated atmosphere, as always in an "institution," seemed to me too warm for younger people.

The men and women patients meet regularly at church (where, however, they occupy separate rows of pews), and at whist drives, dances, concerts, film shows, plays, and parties. All these social events are organised entirely by the patients, working in committees representing all the nine "blocks." It has, I think, been the tendency of "popular" accounts of Broadmoor, by headlining these vitally necessary activities, to give the impression (I referred to it last week) that the patients' life is a halcyon round of pleasure. All such accounts, it seems to me, have behind them the feeling that something has gone incomprehensibly wrong to allow all these people to escape punishment for their crimes. I conclude that they are written up, from the accounts of those who have seen, by those who have not.

Broadmoor patients are not "pampered." They live in a healthy place; its elevation and the surrounding pinewoods may account for a tuberculosis rate considerably lower than is usual in mental institutions, where it tends to be high. They have good food, though here again the absence of pampering was typified for me by the sight of a pile of inch-thick slices of bread in one of the kitchens. They can receive any number of letters, and may write two a week (which are examined). They can be visited on any week-day and one Sunday to a total of seven visits a month. A few of the women go shopping—under escort—in Crowthorne. They can receive parcels, and they can buy a variety of comforts to an extent limited only by medical requirements and their own means. But except in one privileged block (known as "The Club") for advanced patients who carry parole cards and are free from many restrictions, they are not allowed to shave. They must either use barbers' clippers on their faces or let their beards grow. (Despite this unavoidable deprivation, grown beards are in the minority: most of the men look merely unshaven.)

The heartening discovery, on a visit to Broadmoor, that finally overcomes distress and depression, is that the patients are regarded by the staff as sick persons and as "jobs." That majority who remain for life do so, not because of any crime that got them there, but because the treatment that will cure them has yet to be found. They are not accepted as part of the establishment and forgotten, as the public forgets all but the cheaply celebrated minority of them. The visitor's sadness proves to have been subjective: the patients are not sad themselves. "There is a pleasure sure in being mad which none but madmen know."

C. H. ROLPH

G.B.S. in Moscow

NINETEEN years ago . . . how vividly I remember the tall figure of Bernard Shaw on the terrace of the British Embassy in Moscow. Overtowering them all, he stands surrounded by eager and expectant faces. Noah's Ark had not a more varied and bizarre collection of creatures. The Soviet leaders of those days, who as a rule never entered those luxurious surroundings (Communism was still in its Puritan stage) have shelved their prejudices in order to meet the great playwright, and are sipping the dry Martinis and champagne cocktails presented to them on brilliantly polished silver plates. . . . The entire foreign colony is present; what a treat after the dull or rather non-existent social life in Moscow! . . . Cameras click; all try hard to approach the white and bristly beard in the hope of being snapped while talking to the great man.

Shaw and the Commissar of Public Instruction, Boubnoff, the man in green uniform, are having a violent discussion. The ex-general and ex-count, Ignatieff, Military Attaché in Paris before the war, is acting as interpreter. Shaw is talking French with a strong Anglo-Saxon accent.

"You have to create for children a life of their own. I'm sure it is a mistake, while educating a child, to think of what he will become when he is twenty. Every age has its right to existence. The fault of adults is to want children to live according to their precepts. A child is not a grown-up person, it has its own value as a child, and should not be influenced to live the life of a grown-up."

I see Boubnoff's clean-shaven skull nodding disapprovingly.

"We don't believe in isolating our children from our problems which are also theirs. We

believe in bringing the child directly into real life, and not creating around it an artificial atmosphere so harmful in later life."

I don't hear Shaw's reply; a strange profile, very pale with an Abraham Lincoln beard and the aspect of a French Communard, draws my attention. Leaning over the stone balustrade, in a black Russian blouse, he is explaining something to a woman dressed in spotted red crêpe de chine. It is Radek, arguing with Lady Astor about the status of the worker in the Soviet Union and in an England which he pretends to regard as ruled by titled ladies.

I turn back towards the Russian group surrounding Bernard Shaw. He is asked if he anticipates a war against the Soviet Union.

"Talking about war," he goes on turning to me, "I remember an incident. After a speech of mine during the General Election of 1924, I ridiculed the slogan of the Allies, their famous 'War to end War.' A soldier said to me: 'Why didn't you tell me that in 1914? If I had known it I would not have gone into the trenches.' My reply was: 'That is precisely why I did not tell you in 1914'."

I get my "bon mot"—and have to move on as a couple of newly arrived visitors are thrust upon Shaw.

"The reason why I talk so much," I hear him say to them, "is not to have to listen to what other people say."

Lord Lothian is deep in conversation with Lunacharsky about the advantages of State planning and the possibilities of carrying it out under the capitalist system.

Suddenly, Lady Astor's red foulard dress drops in a deep curtsey before Litvinov.

"Like a humble peasant before the almighty Czar, I beg you to grant the demand of a person who is at present in the hands of the G.P.U.," I hear her say as she hands him a letter.

"This has nothing to do with me. These cases are not within the jurisdiction of the Foreign Office," answers the Soviet Minister, who seems not to enjoy the joke.

It was a petition in favour of one of the "sabotaging" engineers who had been put under arrest.

Like an advertisement in a fashion magazine, the Swedish ambassador, in his perfectly tailored brown suit, forms a colourful contrast to Halatov, the president of the Gosizdat (State publishing institution). Halatov wears a black leather coat, breeches and high boots, his olive face has a jet black beard growing up to his eyes. Two young men are conversing in undertones, keeping apart from the rest of the company. The one with red hair looks like a film star. He is Lady Astor's son. They look around anxiously, as though wondering whether a bomb will not be hurled at them by the fanatic-looking Radek.

The American-Russian writer, Maurice Hindus, is endeavouring to approach Bernard Shaw, but in vain. The great British author is besieged. Luckily, everyone can have a glimpse of him as his red face soars above the crowd.

In his slow Irish brogue, he is saying: "I told Stalin that his mistake lies in imagining that Englishmen are intelligent. I told him that Englishmen are *not*, and that's why they can't understand the importance of State planning. I was a Communist long before Lenin was born. . . ."

Sir Esmond Ovey, the Ambassador, smiles at Duranty, a short man leaning on a cane:

"Of course, they don't realise that he is an Irishman, and he is growing more so every day since he has been here."

Lady Astor, who acts as Shaw's impresario, hustles him off as, in an hour's time, he has to appear at the public reception given in honour of his 75th birthday.

At 8 p.m., the former Club of the Nobility, with its vast hall supported by white Empire pillars, is packed with an expectant crowd. On these shiny parquets, today's Paris taxi-drivers, the Russian emigrés, once waltzed in picturesque green and braided uniforms. . . . It was here, too, that, during the civil war, Lenin and his staff had their headquarters.

After an interminable period of waiting, Bernard Shaw at last appears. He is wearing a Norfolk jacket and a shirt without a tie. He has tried his best to look Bolshevik, but he has not succeeded in losing his strikingly Anglo-Saxon air. He forms an amusing contrast to his neighbour, Halatov. It is of him that Bernard Shaw said later:

"The Bolsheviks are queer chaps. They pick out a man to accompany me who knows no language but Russian, and they sew him up in black leather; the one thing they forgot was to put in his mouth a knife dripping with bourgeois blood."

His other neighbour is Lady Astor in her spotted red dress, who, with motherly solicitude, is unceasingly fanning Shaw.

Lunacharsky delivers a speech in Russian. We don't understand a word of it, but there is no doubt that he is appropriating Shaw, turning him into the precursor of the proletarian dictatorship, the "Voltaire" of the Russian Revolution, the destroyer of individualism and inspirer of the new collective ideology. Shaw seems rather worried about what is said about him and, with one eyebrow raised, giving him a Mephistophelean expression, he listens attentively to the translation of the interpreter seated behind him. But still more so are his English travelling companions who, wiping the sweat off their brows, wait uneasily for what their great "enfant terrible" will say or do next.

In an impressive silence Bernard Shaw rises and addresses the audience.

"Tovarichi . . ." his voice is drowned in a storm of enthusiasm which he endeavours to diminish by adding that it is the only word he knows in Russian. He tries to assume his customary ironic tone; but somehow less successfully than at other times. One cannot help feeling that he is deeply touched by the spirit of the people—although he tries to conceal it. It is not the usual Bernard Shaw—his jokes lack their habitual flavour.

"My travelling companions are all capitalists, very rich capitalists indeed," he continues. At this Lady Astor claps her hands in genuine pleasure, and the audience, not understanding English and imagining that it must be something revolutionary, again reacts with a new burst of applause. "They were very worried coming to Russia. . . ."

He goes on, but his wit dries up. And then suddenly: "I can't talk to you as I generally do, I see in your eyes something I have never met in the audience of other countries."

After this he goes on in a changed voice. There is nothing left of the sardonic Shaw; an unusual earnestness has taken hold of him.

"England should be ashamed that it was not she who led the way to Communism. We let Russia, an industrially backward country, do what we should have done."

I see Lord Astor nervously twitching his short moustache.

"It is a real comfort to me, an old man, to be able to step into my grave with the knowledge that the civilisation of the world will be saved. . . It is here in Russia that I have actually been convinced that the new Communist system is capable of leading mankind out of its present crisis, and save it from complete anarchy and ruin. . . ."

How many things have changed since then

CATERINA ANDRÁSSY

So They Say . . .

CONSIDERING the traditional role of the press as the watch-dog of liberty, one might have expected a quick reaction to the "Incitement" clauses of the Z-Bill. The majority, however, of national newspapers seemed content placidly to summarize the Bill as a whole until protests in the Commons made news of Section 6. On this occasion, the Fourth Estate lagged sadly behind the Third

On publication of the Bill, *The Times*, under the heading PENALTIES FOR INCITEMENT TO EVASION, stated that it "mainly reproduced" the provisions of the 1934 Act, except for stiffer penalties, which it quoted. The *Manchester Guardian* went a little farther, suggesting the possibility of "political controversy." The *Daily Telegraph* suggested, without giving examples, that "the wide interpretation which could be given to the clause . . . may give rise to criticism from the House."

The popular dailies, with one exception, appeared not to notice anything out of the ordinary in the Bill. JAIL IF YOU ADVISE Z-MEN TO STAY OUT, said the *Daily Herald*, over a brief report. CHAIN LETTERS TO Z MEN MAY MEAN £500 FINE, said the *Daily Graphic*, over a two-sentence reference to Section 6. Still more tersely, the *Daily Express* spoke simply of "severer penalties . . . for those who incite Reservists . . ." The *News Chronicle*, however, pointed out that newspapers and pamphlets might come within the definition of documents which would "incite to disobedience."

The *Daily Worker* ran the only editorial on the subject (KILL THIS BILL!), and in a long story produced chilling examples of how it might work. It was the only paper to publish the statement by the National Council of Civil Liberties, which recalled the public outcry over the 1934 Act, and pointed out that the safeguard then inserted—the onus of proving that a person has acted "maliciously and advisedly"—had now been omitted. Next day the *Daily Worker* quoted extensively from the Labour speeches in Parliament against the Act in 1934—particularly Mr. Aneurin Bevan's and Lord Strabolgi's.

Tuesday's papers were still full of indignation at the "slight" to the British Navy, but the Parliamentary fuss over the Second Reading of the Bill secured space—of varying prominence. Readers of the *Daily Express* and the *Daily*

Graphic were not told that Mr. Michael Stewart, Under-Secretary for War, agreed to re-draft the offending clauses after strong speeches by eight back-benchers. Emphasis was given, instead, to his statement that "a definite campaign is being prepared to incite Z men" (*Daily Graphic*: PLOT AIMS TO MAKE Z MEN DISOBEY). This was also the line taken by the *Daily Mail* (MPS WARNED OF Z CAMPAIGN). Nevertheless, *The Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Daily Telegraph*, *News Chronicle* and *Daily Herald* (front pages) stressed the change in the Bill and reported all or some of the critical speeches.

The *Daily Worker* naturally made this its lead story (STORM OVER Z-BILL), and quoted Labour statements that the possession of a Bible with pencil marks under Christ's pacifist teachings could render a person liable to a fine of £500, that penalties could be imposed on all critics of the Government's foreign policy, and that it would be a criminal offence to repeat speeches made by Ministers of the present Government in 1934. But the only other serious editorial comment made that day was in the *Manchester Guardian*, which recalled Labour's bitter fight against the 1934 Bill, the repressive Acts already on the Statute Book, the Prime Minister's own denunciations of the general right of search, and altogether deplored "the political amorality" of Crown lawyers and their "love of repressive powers."

AUTOLYCUS

Modern Version

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Macbeth is offered in a series of "seven world-famous action thrillers," among others being *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, *She*, and *Beau Geste*. But another selection from the same firm includes *Hamlet*, which "has everything—romance, adventure, intrigue, and tragedy." The enterprise is commended by the adjuration: "No longer is it necessary to wade through hundreds of pages of text to enjoy these great stories." After absorbing the "streamlined modern version," "you too will know the great characters of literature; you too can quote the famous lines and impress your friends." The young, finally, are assured: "Here is a so-called comic you can be proud of. Ask your teachers, ask your parents if they think you should read Shakespeare."

One promise by Famous Authors is certainly fulfilled: "you won't miss the point." Hamlet—as in the pre-Shakespearian versions—seems bent single-mindedly on revenge and deterred only by accident; Polonius is forthrightly described as "the king's Lord Chamberlain and private spy"; and in many ways Shakespeare is suitably "rectified." Hamlet does not offer to lie in Ophelia's lap; he is discreetly vague in his reproaches to his mother and in his notion of the proper time to kill his uncle. After the play, he tells Horatio, "I'll wager a thousand ducats I am right," thus correcting the provincialism Shakespeare had shown in writing, "I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound." In *Macbeth*, the sergeant who brings Duncan news of victory is promoted to captain. (Nobody, of course, calls him a bloody man.) And Malcolm closes the play by a fitting anticipation of a later monarch; disdaining a vague promise to perform "what else is needful," he announces: "I will be a good king of Scotland."

There is less warrant for the promise that the reader will impress his friends by quotation. Famous Authors have improved the dialogue out of recognition—making Polonius, for instance, tell Laertes: "Get along, son, your ship is waiting." The editors, it is true, are daunted by a few famous passages: "To be or not to be," for instance, rises intact in bubble form from Hamlet's head. But in *Macbeth* we find Banquo exclaiming: "Hold on, Macbeth—Who are these weird sisters?" This scene ends with Macbeth roused from his abstraction to say, "Er, uh, yes! I'm ready, let's go." Once home, he dismisses his servants with, "That will be all for to-night." Lady Macbeth returns from the murdered Duncan's chamber with the assurance: "I fixed everything." A few hours later, Macduff arrives to ask suspiciously, "What's going on here?" Finally, when Macduff is told of the fate of his family, Malcolm silences the narrator with, "Easy, Ross, he's stunned by the news."

In America, these "modern versions" probably reach a public several times larger than even that of the 25-cent Pocket Shakespeare, and infinitely larger than that which will see a Shakespeare play on stage or screen. What will these mainly adolescent readers thus learn of Shakespeare? They will see, without effort of the imagination, Macbeth and Hamlet, Antony and Claudius, as comic-strip heroes and villains with physique and expression identical with those of Dick Tracy. For them, Shakespeare will be neither poet nor student of the "dark forest," but a purveyor simply of thrills and romance, to be judged by the same canons as the anonymous American pulp-writer. So far, only a few copies of this series have reached England—donated by a friend to the librarian of the Shakespeare Memorial Library at Birmingham. Let us hope it will stop at that. Even if a mass invasion of these strips could only be defeated by a renewed dollar crisis—the price would be worth paying to save adolescent England from their impact.

MERVYN JONES

The Arts and Entertainment

TWO CANTATAS

How deadly dull that sounds! But the two cantatas in question, the *Carmina Burana* of Carl Orff and the *Ulysses* of Matyas Seiber, though totally unlike one another, are both as far as possible removed from the pious post-Mendelssohnian cantata of English tradition. Orff was born in Munich in 1895, and his *Carmina Burana*, which has had a great success in Germany since its first production in 1936, is a setting of profane medieval songs—some in low Latin, some in old German with a dash of French, some macaronic—which celebrate the joys of spring, of the tavern and of youthful love. The work is described as a "scenic cantata," and is intended to be sung with an accompaniment of mime and dancing. Suspicious though I am of Central European mime, yet I can see that, if the regisseur were a man of genius and if the stage picture could suggest something of the beauty of an old illuminated manuscript, the total result might well be captivating. A purely choral performance of the naive and *simpliste* music leaves the listener suspended between exhilaration and boredom.

With the deliberate intention of creating a work of popular appeal, the composer has renounced all complexity, all formal elaboration, all thematic development, almost all modulation. Most of his score consists of choruses and dances of a certain bluff and hearty charm: no counterpoint, voice parts mainly in unison, octaves, thirds or fifths, vigorous rhythms, stamping oom-pah basses, brilliant *al fresco* orchestration, and clear, square-cut themes often repeated three or four times without the smallest variation. It sounds ghastly, yet it isn't. Orff has seasoned his diatonic writing with an agreeable flavour of the old modes and with a discreet use of Stravinsky-ish unresolved harmonic clashes. He has an intermittent vision of the medieval world, distantly akin (though far less vivid and interesting) to that of Benjamin Britten in his *Ceremony of Carols* and in parts of his *Spring Symphony*. I soon tired of the boisterous choruses with their interminable pedal points and grimly foreseeable crescendi; but elsewhere I recognised a certain rude and fresh melodic impulse, more especially in the amorous solos of the third section. Some of the later choruses, too, though perhaps not far removed from "De Campdown Races," moved with such a swing and such clarity of texture that it would be priggish to deny their charm. With occasional flashes of genius, *Carmina Burana* is mainly a piece of high-spirited, rather sexy rough stuff—the equivalent in the world of music to *Oklahoma* or *Annie Get Your Gun*.

To the B.B.C., and in particular to Walter Goehr, we owe two performances of Carl Orff's anti-intellectual cantata, as well as a repetition of Matyas Seiber's highly intellectual *Ulysses*. This is a work whose great musical virtues are partly obscured, on a first acquaintance, by the peculiarities of its "libretto." The music is inspired by the spectacle of the night sky, by meditations about infinity, and above all by the magical beauty of a single phrase of its James Joyce text: "the heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit." The first section is built almost entirely on this phrase, which has drawn from Mr. Seiber some pages of exalted and curiously evocative music (to which he returns in his final section): the voices now hanging in clusters of thirds, now gliding towards (or from) one another with serene indifference to passing harmonic clashes, now climbing in strict imitation in a prolonged series of ecstatic vocalises. In the middle sections, Mr. Seiber has shown an extraordinary ability to invent musical equivalents for intellectual conceptions of vastness and minuteness; and in one strange "hammering" outburst for trumpets, he seems to suggest the human intellect about to burst under the strain of attempting to comprehend infinite divisibility. Far more important than these picturesque evocations is his power to bind his ideas into strong and satisfying musical constructions; thus, the passacaglia of the second section is finely worked out, without the rigidity that often accompanies such scholastic devices. And his use of a large orchestral palette is subtle and always beautiful.

Nevertheless, the objection that Joyce's lengthy, prosaic clauses, full of polysyllabic words and of scientific facts and figures, offer indigestible material for music, is not a frivolous one. Mr. Seiber has shown uncanny skill in surmounting the formidable difficulties; but what he has really set, in the middle sections of his cantata, is not the words themselves, but the idea behind the words. The best vocal music has always been a setting of both physical word and mental idea. When Schubert put music to "Meine Ruh ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer," or Verdi to "Rivedrai le foreste imbalsamate," each composer was setting more than the abstract notion of unhappiness or of nostalgia: he was also finding the inevitable musical phrase for a verbal phrase which possessed (apart from its meaning) a distinct physical weight, substance and colour of its own. When the process, as in the above examples, is fully successful, the resulting musical-verbal phrase acquires a memorable unity and shapeliness; and it is the main argument against translated texts that unity and shapeliness are in the process violently disturbed.

Now this sort of verbal-musical accord is rarely possible, in the nature of the case, in Mr. Seiber's *Ulysses*. Sometimes he writes for the voice in a

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purely instrumental way: an instance will be found in his setting of the word "plunging" in the course of the second section. At other times he allows the vocal line to develop in a soaring and fluid style akin to *vocalise*. In either event, it is true to say that his voice parts, though prompted and inspired by Joyce's *thought*, are not—and cannot be—married to Joyce's *words*, as Schubert is married to Goethe, or Verdi to Ghislanzoni. I find that an aesthetic fault though a comparatively small one in a work of such high imaginative power.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

MAN AND SUPERMAN

SHORN of the third act, and no longer felt as a step in Shaw's philosophical development, *Man and Superman* is now sufficiently in historical perspective to come before us as pure comedy. It's no longer the ideas that prick us, much less shock us. Unmarried mothers are recognised by the State; the New Woman is now our norm: even the Life Force is almost an *idée reçue*. If Shaw had not been a great comic artist, life would now have caught up so far with him that the plays might have seemed out-of-date tracts. But the comic spirit does not date; and *Man and Superman* is one of the brightest off-shoots of the comic spirit. Its fun is rooted in human nature which, "as is well known" (to use the modern formula for introducing the most tendentious of statements) doesn't change—or if it does, changes a thousand times more slowly than ideological notions. The "advanced" man will always be out of date in middle-age and will never recognise the fact; romantic lovers will always be blind to the truth about their object; pretentions are always at comic odds with the realities; and when high-minded people inflate themselves, the pricking of their balloon can always become a comic clap if it is skilfully worked up. Shaw's comedies are technically brilliant. Indeed, they are practically foolproof, though the amount of laughter they generate depends on the skill of producer and actor.

In the current revival by Mr. John Clements at the New Theatre, I thought at first that the necessary skill was going to be found in him alone, though in the final event I am happy to report it was not so. But the first act was decidedly worse than the other two. Those who have never seen this act done better will have no idea how continuously funny it ought to be. There are difficulties in putting the play into period setting; it obscures, to start with, the nature of Roebuck Ramsden's advancedness, and Shaw's own elaborate stage direction—busts of John Bright and Mr. Herbert Spencer, portraits of Cobden, Martineau, Huxley and George Eliot—would not help us now either. How many among a present-day audience would recognise George Eliot even, much less John Bright or Herbert Spencer? Some kind of equivalent in the room or the clothes might be given us by the designer. But primarily it is up to the actor. Mr. Clarke-Smith gave us an old buffer to the life. But this is a particular kind of old buffer, the kind who thinks himself a radical; that was missing. Then the Octavius was very largely a gap, and this act is half Octavius's. And then again there is the difficulty of Miss Kay Hammond. Not to beat about the bush, Miss Hammond is simply impossible in Shaw. Her particular trick of speech, by which in modern comedy she gets all her characteristic effects, is a slow, over-articulated drawl, insinuating an innuendo. For most of Shaw an opposite technique is required. Miss Hammond doesn't just lack speed, which it might be possible to get away with; she completely holds things up. Even her listening—and about half of the Shavian actor's skill is spent on listening—even her listening is twenty times too gradual as she moves her great round eyes in a slow arc. In action, on the other hand, she is all right—winding her boa and then her arms round Jack Tanner at the end of their encounter in the first act. But meanwhile much has been lost.

Mr. John Clements makes so excellent a Jack Tanner—so explosive and ebullient, but catching too the fundamental good nature underlying the extravagance—that I began in this act to harbour a mean view of him: I wondered whether he wasn't in danger of becoming one of those actor-managers who deliberately surround themselves with inferiors in order to show off (as they hope) their own talents the brighter. But the second act, beginning with that brilliant modern version of the old servant and master scene (one of the oldest comedy lines in the business) demonstrated that such suspicions were base and baseless. Even so, short a time ago as the late Thirties I remember the scenes with Henry Straker striking me as very unfunny; we were then just at an in-between distance from the social satire in them. Now, after our revolution, they have fallen quite into perspective. Or perhaps it would be more generous to ascribe their success the other evening to the skill of Mr. Michael Medwin, the Henry Straker here, who dropped his lines with the most perfect unself-conscious aplomb. Then we had an ideal Hector Malone in Mr. Arthur Hill (you may remember him from Thurber's *The Male Animal* last year). Both these two actors have the right Shavian trick of uttering what is going to strike us as funny or outrageous with the perfectly natural air of its being the simple truth. And Miss Peggy Simpson, who had a little let us down as Violet in the first act (not harsh or hard enough by half), came nearer up to the mark in the scenes with Hector's father. Indeed, everything went splendidly from then on, with Miss Hammond in action once again at the end, making a delightful final kill of Jack Tanner. So, all that this first act proves in the end is that it was a mistake for an actor with so large a part as Mr. Clements has, to undertake the production as well. I hope even now that he will give his treatment at the beginning a second look and bring it up to the standard of the rest.

A second Shaw revival is in progress at the Boltons, where Miss Joan Miller is playing as Candida, with Andrew Cruikshank as Morell and Owen Holder as Marchbanks. It is a revival that is quite in the spirit of the play, that clearly knows how it should be done, even if for various reasons (small theatre production among them) it can't always quite get there. But it is alive and fresh and the play, as is well known, is a perfect masterpiece.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"A Walk in the Sun," at the Plaza
"Pool of London," at the Odeon

One of the memorable narratives of the last war was Harry Brown's *A Walk in the Sun*. Like many such narratives, it dealt with a small incident: a platoon landing in Italy, marching six miles inland, and capturing a German-held farm. It was memorable for its laconic mingling of action with mood, and for the dialogue with which a bunch of G.I.s kept themselves going. These qualities have been preserved, with hardly a word lost, in the film made by Lewis Milestone. It forms a natural pendant to his *All Quiet on the Western Front*. That expressed a final revulsion from war; this (dated 1944) recognises that war goes on, and finds some little consolation in the men who have both to wage and suffer it.

Again, he achieves remarkably: with Ford's *They Were Expendable*, this is as good a film of the fighting man as the last war has produced. We aren't likely to forget the landing barge in darkness, the gunning by the Messerschmitt, the talk about final victory in Tibet, the ambushed armoured-car, the two stray Italians, and the murderous approach to the farm-house. So much is stricter, and in a way better, than *All Quiet*. But the larger outline isn't there, and to make up for it *A Walk in the Sun* has to exceed on its strong points—dialogues and the character of soldiers as soldiers—and to mark the phases of an episode with ballad interludes. Those verses make a sort of rueful calypso of the day. But how are they supposed to strike? Callous and cheerful? Softly ironic? It isn't, we can't help feeling, quite the right note with which to intrude on Brown's narrative: something, cinematically, was perhaps needed, but not this. Nevertheless, the film remains impressive, and sincere despite its emotional shiftings.

Pool of London is a rather less successful *Blue Lamp*, in which spectacle is provided by the East End at night and the river, love and low life and the chase triumph, and Ealing accents show through. Good performance by a Negro actor, Earl Cameron. Mildly enjoyable.

* * *

(*Robinson Crusoe*, continued:)

The years pass. Octopuses are born and die.

Two rocking-chairs out on the verandah in the golden starlight.

How still it is, says Nell, what's that noise like hot pipes?

They listen.

Pom-pom-pom.

I heard it last night, she goes on, and the night before, like as somebody was so close you could hear his heart beating.

Pom-pom-pom.

Mosquitoes, says Robinson, you put on that stuff I told you about and they'll go away.

Pom-pom-pom-pom-pom.

Coming nearer.

The violins take up Gung'l.

Eyes among the jampans and lianas, staring, Cro-Magnon eyes, like sliced pomegranates.

And walking in the glade one morning, Nell is snatched up by a long, prickly arm.

Oh do let *go!*

Me Boo Boo. You Nell. We two. Kiss. Ho. Yes.

They do. (Improved double-suction, No. 4.)

Robinson pacing the sands.

Three months' beard.

Not a footmark.

Not a shoemark.

No high heels.

Only the cry of the sea-dromedary and the evening breeze rippling the backcloth.

He invents the telescope.

It reveals to him the miracle of the heavens, and Nell and Boo Boo in a tree-top.

He shoulders his giant saw.

And runs.

Come down out of that gum-tree, at last he yells.

Nell shakes her head, Boo Boo throws a nut.

A coconut.

Ouch! says Robinson; but starts to saw through that trunk.

It will take more than coconuts to stop him . . . .

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

HOW pleasant it is to be able to praise where one had expected, at the most, to keep a forbidding silence. Only a nagging sense of duty impelled me to switch on to *Focus on Royal Commissions*, and lo! virtue was rewarded, and I found myself listening, despite the *Radio Times*, to *Focus on Meat*. And a very good programme it proved to be, with none of what one had thought were the besetting sins of this series. It was forthright and fair; the case for the Argentine was squarely stated; it was a good grumbling programme—everyone grumbled. It was, in fact, admirable reporting; there were statements, in all the main dialects, from butchers, housewives, farmers, Mr. Wightman, meat importers, building workers, and to end, a miner's wife who was the mother of sixteen children. Its success, it seemed to me, threw light on the banality of this series as it usually is. *Focus* is journalism, and journalism is only alive when it is of the minute. For once, *Focus* was of the minute. For once? Perhaps the substitution of meat for royal commissions indicates a new policy in the Light Programme. Perhaps in future *Focus* will always deal with something in the news at the moment of recording. One can only hope so; for it improves the programme no

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A statement about the NEWS CHRONICLE

Below are extracts from a recent book 'The British General Election of 1950' by H. G. Nicholas, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and Faculty Fellow of Nuffield College, Oxford.

"It *(News Chronicle)* certainly conceived of itself as serving a popular but intelligent readership which did not wish to be led in the blinkers of any party.

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It was in keeping with this attitude that the paper's most distinctive election features were its Gallup Polls and its 'Great Debate'.

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For the first time in British election history, a whole-hearted attempt was made to bring before the readers of a single newspaper the whole range of party viewpoints presented by party leaders themselves.

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Straight news was not affected by the political leanings of the newspaper.

* * * * *

The News Chronicle seemed commendably free of special attitudes towards most issues and individuals."

end: the actual is always preferable to the slightly phoney. Perhaps indeed *Focus on Royal Commissions* will be kept in cold storage for use in a week when there is no news at all.

One Million Pounds a Week was also journalism, journalism of a very obvious kind, but well done, which did succeed in giving a vivid impression of the work of the London County Council. Commentators took us to Question Time at City Hall (and one wanted much more of that), to an L.C.C. school for chefs and waiters, the Horniman Museum, a maternity clinic—a dentist removed the "naughty" decay from a child's tooth—a school for blind children, and so on. And there, on the top of County Hall, linking the programme, was Mr. Vaughan Thomas enthusiastically, indefatigably crashing out the adverbs of magnitude and appreciation. As an outside broadcaster Mr. Vaughan Thomas is a superb journalist, by far the best the B.B.C. has. Amazement is perpetually in his voice; his spirits are never less than high; he could make chess sound like ice-hockey. He wins you over to his side every time.

The best conversation-piece being broadcast at present, the *Lunar Society of the Air*, is still only audible to listeners to Midland Region. This monthly programme, in which a group of scientists meet, as round a dinner-table, to discuss a subject of common interest, is never less than good. Last week's *On Telepathy*, I found fascinating. Dr. Soal and Dr. Thouless described their experiments and evaluated them before a small group that included Professor Zuckerman and Professor Ayer. Professor Ayer is always formidable; and it was a chastening experience to hear the exercise of logical positivism in the give-and-take of informal conversation. A better programme on the subject I have not heard; and much of its merit came from its very naturalness; that, and the time at the producer's disposal: three-quarters of an hour, a long period in broadcasting for the discussion of one subject.

WILLIAM SALTER

Humphrey Jennings, 1907-1950, at the I.C.A.

Jennings, film director, poet and painter, was a man of action. His sensitivity and imagination led him into, not away from, the ordinary, effective world. His death, while making a film on a Greek mountainside, emphasises this. The subjects of his paintings, the plough, the locomotive, the queue of unemployed, reflect it. He looked for, and often found, an urgent sense of new purpose and meaning in the confusion of familiar appearances. In his excellent photographs, on view with some of his paintings at the I.C.A. Gallery, he found it either by focusing attention on common, often ignored, details—a child's scribble on a wall, the texture of wet bricks in a back street—or by examining the usual with a strange initiative—a gasometer seen from its top, the leaves of a tree lit up white at night, a vegetable marrow juxtaposed with an electric light bulb. As a painter he found it more generally, not in realistic details, but in the whole evolution of the subject itself. In his later and better pictures of industrial landscapes or windmills, the forms of the objects are broken up into moving planes, as if seen through revolving coloured prisms, and then held together by a delicate grid of electric dashes and curves. Thus a factory landscape, seen through a pleasing blue prism of smoke and English weather, suggests not only the appearance of the scene, but the nature and history of the Industrial Revolution. It stimulates one's visual imagination, and somehow provokes one's conscience. J. B.

"Gay's the Word," at the Saville Theatre

Here is a thoroughly native and thoroughly pleasant contribution to the Festival. A wholly English musical comedy, and a sample of that at its best. Not original at all, not startling in the least, but most agreeably distracting and most workmanlike. Of this last the name of its begetters alone are a guarantee. Written and composed by the surest hand in the game, Mr. Ivor Novello. Produced with polish and humour by Mr. Jack Hulbert. Lyrics supplied by Mr. Alan Melville, continuously witty and crisp. Above all Miss Cicely Courtneidge returns to London in her most dynamic form. And what could be more thoroughly English than Miss Courtneidge, more infectiously good-humoured, and more good-naturedly *silly*? We only wish, perhaps, that she would appear more often than once in those preposterous disguises of hers. She is supported by a pretty and well-groomed chorus, by Miss Lizbeth Webb's charmingly ingenuous personality and excellent voice, and by a clever imitation of fatuity from Mr. Thorley Walters. Variations on the fatuous—that is the essence of the tradition of the English musical. T. C. W.

"The Sleeping Princess," at Covent Garden

When the Sadler's Wells Ballet returns from its long, dollar-earning tours, we are doubly compensated for their absence, because the dancers seem always to have developed in style and stature, maturity and polish—the happy effects, one presumes, of foreign audiences. The development is most notable in Miss Fonteyn. Her dancing has almost always been exquisite, but our only *prima ballerina* has now at last attained the grand manner. Michael Somes, too, has grown into a *premier danseur* worthy of her. The rest of the company are all far surer, and, although the *corps de ballet* is not yet sure enough, we can nevertheless be confident that no other company in the world (outside Russia) could achieve such an excellent ensemble. One's only reservations, now that *The Sleeping Princess* has graced the repertory for five years, concern the *décor* and the music. Five years ago silks and brocades were not to be had and one excused Mr. Messel's creations in balloon fabric and the few *ersatz* materials that were available. Now they appear thin and tatty. As for the playing of the music; one wonders how the dancers manage. Tchaikovsky's score is perhaps the most beautiful ballet music ever written, but, although the waltzes are often vigorous, they should nevertheless shimmer and not alternately blare and bleat as they do under Mr. Robert Irving's baton. R. J.

Correspondence

"AS A SOCIALIST SEES IT"

SIR,—In his article in your issue of February 3, Mr. Cole says that to explain his "broad attitude" about Korea, he must "go back at least to the time just before the war in Korea began." He should have gone back five years earlier. The Korean war was the outcome of events which unrolled themselves in the five years between 1945 and 1950 and which are very fully set out in three documents published by the State Department in 1947, 1948 and 1950. Mr. Cole has no doubt read these documents, but the difficulties the U.S. had to meet from Russian obstruction are not fully understood here and they must be borne in mind in considering American policy. Yet Mr. Cole says almost nothing about Soviet Russia's completely obstructive policy in Korea during those years. In fact it almost exactly parallels their policy in Germany, *viz.*, the immediate dropping of an Iron Curtain in 1945, the secret preparation and arming of a North Korean army behind it, the disregard of all pledges to work for a free and independent Korea, the disregard of the fact that only by an enormous effort of its ally, the U.S., had its Japanese enemies been eliminated, the determination in fact to use every means to make Korea a Communist State.

In desperation at Russia's obstruction, the U.S. Government decided in 1947 to present the Korean problem to the United Nations in order to get a settlement through them. The General Assembly by an overwhelming majority, Russia abstaining from voting, resolved that the Korean people should create a provisional Government through a free and secret election and that subsequently all troops should be withdrawn. It appointed a Nine-Nations Temporary U.N. Commission to facilitate the creation of this Government. Soviet Russia refusing to recognise or deal with this Commission, or allow it inside the Iron Curtain, it supervised

merely the establishment in August, 1949, of the South Korean Republic. In September, the U.S.S.R. in their turn created the Democratic People's Republic in the North, and about two or three months later withdrew their troops. In pursuance of the Resolution of the General Assembly the U.S. completed the withdrawal of their troops in July, 1949. The Temporary U.N. Commission, however, remained in S. Korea. Eleven months later N. Korea attacked the S. Korean Republic, which the U.N. had been instrumental in setting up. Thereupon the Commission cabled the Secretary-General that a "full-scale war" was developing and suggested that he consider the possibility of bringing the matter before the Security Council. Subsequent developments we know.

When was it that Mr. Cole considers that U.S. action represented a "sheer misuse of the U.N."? Not, it would seem, in 1947, when the U.S. Government first laid the matter before the U.N., because Mr. Cole refers to the absence of Russia. Was it then after the attack by N. Korea? Does Mr. Cole think that in the light of the history of the preceding years the U.N. could, without the most complete humiliation, have done nothing whatsoever to protect the State which it had just been instrumental in creating? If Mr. Cole had questioned the wisdom of the U.S. Government's action in placing Korea in the lap of the U.N. in the first instance and of the U.N. action in accepting this responsibility, I should have understood him better. Indeed the whole matter raises profoundly important questions with regard to the working of the U.N. and particularly with regard to the aggression clause of the Charter in the present divided world. But the U.S. undoubtedly took the course they did in the belief that it was the best and perhaps the only means to ending a very dangerous situation and to a free and independent Korea to which all Great Powers were pledged.

Failing an appeal to the U.N., what would Mr. Cole have done, if he had been in charge of U.S. foreign policy in 1947? Would he have abandoned the S. Koreans, whom he had been protecting for two years, to their fate? Undoubtedly if both American and Russian troops withdrew before the creation of a united Korean Government, and the U.S. declared it had no further interest in the country, the Russians from behind the Iron Curtain would have enabled Communism to be fastened on the whole country. Or would Mr. Cole have continued the deadlock with the Russians indefinitely with all its dangers? The problem was and remains immensely difficult not because of American policy, but, as in all other parts of the world, because of Russian.

It is evident that Mr. Cole cannot be fair to the U.S. Indeed behind almost every sentence of his article seems to lie an irrational hatred of Americans and all their works. What he writes reminds me of nothing so much as the sort of articles Col. Robert McCormick has for years been accustomed to produce in the *Chicago Tribune* travestying British policy and doing his best to embroil this country and the U.S. Such an attitude is, to my mind, a great disservice to the cause of peace. BRAND

Eydon Hall, Rugby.

SIR,—Professor Cole has explained his attitude more clearly, but still does not appear to realise that to be on the enemy side means more than to oppose one's government's policy. He would not himself commit sabotage or promote civil war, but his moral authority could be exploited by those who would. How great is this authority is shown by the large number of letters he has received, not all of which can be explained by the well-known technique of the Communist Party in organising correspondence.

Instead of answering my questions about Korea and Germany, Mr. Cole has introduced an interesting new principle of foreign policy, a curious mixture of a Monroe Doctrine for Asia and an inverted colour-bar. No European or American armed force may act against aggression if it is committed by Asians. For our future reference, it would be useful to know how many of the citizens of the Soviet Union qualify as Asians.

Mr. Cole shares the widespread belief that the Soviet leaders intend to let their work be done for them by "capitalist decay and colonial rebellion." This is a dangerous delusion. The whole history of Bolshevism has been a revolt against such passivity. Though Lenin and Stalin have often declared their faith in the ultimate inevitable victory of Communism, they have always insisted that Communists must accelerate the process. Moreover, experience shows that slumps have favoured not Communism but Fascism, while no colonial revolt has yet caused the breakdown of a strong European state. Every Communist victory hitherto has been a result of war. War smashed the State machines of the only four countries in which Communists have seized power wholly or mainly by their own efforts—Russia, Yugoslavia, Albania and China. War enabled the victorious Soviet forces to impose Communist regimes in nine countries in Europe, and may or may not enable Chinese forces to impose Communist regimes in several countries in Asia. War is the best-tried weapon of Soviet imperialism. To recognise this fact does not make war inevitable. Personally I agree with Mr. Cole that it is not inevitable. My reason is that there is one kind of war that the Stalinist imperialists do not want—a war which they would lose. If we can convince them that any war they start will be this kind of war, then we shall have peace. We shall convince them of this if we stand firm with the Americans, who have proved by their actions that they are our friends, just as the Stalinist imperialists have proved by their actions that they are our enemies. A firm stand will not only save peace, but also bring nearer the hour of liberation of the Socialists and democrats of Eastern Europe and of the long-martyred people of Russia—whose sufferings do not cause the blood to rush to Professor Cole's head. HUGH SETON-WATSON

University College, Oxford.

LABOUR AND PACIFISM

SIR,—The refusal of the Prime Minister to send the customary commendation to a Labour candidate and the refusal of the Lewisham Council to allow its hall to be used for a meeting of the Peace with China Council may be due in both cases to a genuine if unfortunate fear. It may be felt that to mention "Peace" just now is almost as disconcerting and perhaps improper as is for stockbrokers to refer to the Deity (save, of course, as an incidental expletive) on their morning train to town.

I appreciate the incongruity, and I fully understand the P.M.'s anxiety lest it were assumed here and in America that the Government was permitting any dilution of its rearmament preparations. Nevertheless, I think it might have been possible to commend the candidate while making it quite clear that his personal pacifist conviction was not identical in that respect with the Party's official policy. Certainly, many disparities have been permissible hitherto, among Labour candidates and M.P.'s, ranging from astrology and atheism to divorce and social credit. As it is, though I am sure quite falsely, the impression has been left that pacifism, even of the most cautious or conditional type, should be kept in the back room of the Party's household, like a discreditable and possibly mentally deficient relative (worse, of course, than suffering from being tolerably starry-eyed!).

The difficulty now is that all Labour Party members who may still profess and call themselves Christian, even of a modernist type, may wonder whether they, too, may have to submit to discreet relegation unless they exercise the severe discipline of keeping their mouths shut. "Blessed are the Peacemakers" could be translated embarrassingly by Christians of any variety.

However, it should be recognised that part of the legitimate pride of the Labour Party has been in the generous toleration it has practised; and it is my conviction that this will continue, and that the Party's catholicity will always embrace such as Richard Stokes and Ernest Thurtle, Harold Nicolson and Will Lawther, G. D. H. Cole and George Tomlinson, as well as ex-pacifists in high office and present members of The Labour Pacifist Fellowship. With forbearance and honourable comradeship they all serve our common Socialist purpose.

As to Lewisham's intolerance towards the advocates of Peace with China, it would be uncharitable to deduce that, therefore, they prefer war with China. May we hope that the Labour members of the Lewisham Council will prevail on their non-Labour colleagues to make this abundantly obvious? If it will assist them at all, in view of Mr. Churchill's Britannic indignation about our Fleet, maybe a gathering could be arranged to consider "Peace with China and America"—if that does not suggest unworthy appeasement.

Meanwhile, it is our duty to explore the possibility of an alternative to the peace of annihilation.

REGINALD W. SORENSEN

House of Commons, S.W.1.

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

SIR,—As an American liberal, now living and studying in Oxford, may I disagree with Naomi Bliven's rather angry letter, so well placed in your columns next to Victor Gollancz's wise and peaceable suggestions?

This is a difficult time for Americans of good will, at home or abroad. For those of us who continue stubbornly to distinguish between democracy and monopoly capitalism, it is all too evident that our Government is using the language of the one to justify a frantic defence of the other, and in the process very seriously jeopardising our basic principles, our relations with the rest of a changing world, and, indeed, the survival of that world itself. American liberals have now the somewhat bitter choice between joining the most reactionary elements in making an armed camp not only of our own country but of the whole "western world," or taking a lonely stand in opposition to our entire foreign policy. My choice must be the latter, since although I do not minimise the strength or opportunism of the Soviet Union I believe there are methods of dealing with them other than that of universal annihilation, which seems to me the inevitable outcome of the present American Administration's programme. Moreover, I cannot, as Mrs. Bliven apparently can, persuade myself that there is moral right or practical sense in the use and maintenance of such "friends" as Chiang Kai-shek, Syngman Rhee, Franco or the like unprincipled adventurers. Is it sheer naiveté, or the current contagion of fear, that makes so many of our erstwhile liberals willing to stomach such nauseating company?

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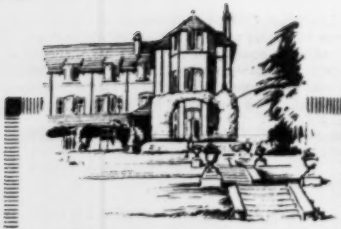

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During my temporary residence in this country which has endured so much and lost so much, and now labours so doggedly to overcome almost insuperable economic difficulties, I am daily more impressed by the sense of proportion, the long-term wisdom and the patient hopefulness that prevail. I believe that both the United States and the Soviet Union, in their separate ways, look to England for the realistic sanity that they despair of finding each in the other.

Oxford. ELIZABETH WADE WHITE

KRUPP

SIR,—May I add a personal testimony in support of a main point of Mr. Elwyn Jones' letter answering Mr. Lunn's *tour de force* on Krupp? The experience I relate is not my own but that of my wife, whose picture of conditions of forced labour in a Krupp's ammunition factory I shall attempt to condense here. There is nothing exaggerated or fictitious in this story, and it has often been told by various people, but I think it needs retelling.

It was almost with a sense of hope that the prisoners arrived from Auschwitz in the summer of 1944 at the factory in which they were to work virtually until the end of the war. Their barracks adjoining the factory consisted, in the main, of rooms roughly 12ft. by 12ft., which housed twenty women each. In these bunks were set side by side, one above the other, and covered with a straw sack and a blanket. During that period of a year they were issued with one coat in December and had no clothing beyond what they had on from Auschwitz.

They worked seven days a week on twelve-hourly shifts. The day shift followed the routine set out below. At five in the morning they were woken up to wash without soap under a dripping tap, given a cup of ersatz coffee (without milk or sugar) and then escorted at six o'clock by the guards to their machines some two hundred yards away. There was a fifteen-minute break at nine in which they could eat part of their ration of bread if they had any left, and then on to a lunch at one o'clock of a thin gruel which occasionally had some potato or a form of flesh floating in it. These were highly prized and sometimes were the cause of violent struggles. There was no break after that till six. At six the guards escorted them to their barracks, made them parade for two or three hours under the pretext of a roll-call or of an inspection by the camp commandant, and ended this charade with the daily issue of about 100 grams of bread with a very little margarine or jam. Relative peace then till five next morning. The night shift was similar except that they were often woken at midday for trivial reasons and made to parade for the afternoon.

There were innumerable incidents of brutality, but these are beside the point as they can be explained as sadism on the part of the individual guard. One incident deserves mention. During Christmas the factory had to be closed for two days, which they spent as one fantastic parade being shorn in military style of the little hair that had grown in the six months. There was absolutely no medical service. If any gave signs of flagging at work or were injured at work they were sent eventually to Belsen. And neither then, nor after the war, did they receive one pfennig for their labour. M. CREET

22, Gunter Grove, S.W.10.

THE RAILWAY DILEMMA

Sir,—The plight of the nationalised railways seems to require action on new lines.

It has been said that it was a mistake to nationalise the railways before their going bankrupt, which would have been inevitable in the long run, and would have lead to much reduced capital charges.

To find an equitable way out now, reference should be made to the position at the London Transport system, where the passenger-mile cost of the underground railways much exceeds that of the buses. However, as it would be impracticable to charge correspondingly higher fares on the railways, they are being subsidised by the bus traffic. That this is economically correct has never been disputed.

Similarly, while the long-distance coach traffic may remain in private hands, it should be subjected to a mileage tax, to be used to keep the national railway system viable. P. SCHILLER

POLITICAL INTERROGATION

SIR,—On February 23, I was seen by two police officers, with regard to an alleged offence of letting two non-members buy tickets for the current Unity show. I told them that if any such offence had been committed, I, and no one else, was the person responsible. Having taken my statement they then said they were instructed by the Director of Public Prosecutions to interview two more people connected with the production.

One such person has been seen, and I have a full note of the interview. Only one question, in an interview lasting about an hour and a half, was directed to the person's connection with the selling of tickets. For the rest, the questioning and statement was directed entirely to the person's theatrical record, her connection with Unity and with the political content of *Here Goes*.

This incident raises a point of considerable public importance. No one, of course, objects to police officers making full inquiries into an alleged offence, but there is cause for complaint when such investigation is extended to persons and to matters entirely outside the scope of the alleged or, indeed, any offence. Any result of such enquiries must be intimidatory, and it is surprising that the Director of Public Prosecutions instructed police officers to make their enquiries in this way.

It is worth asking if the Director always gives this type of instruction, or whether it is the political spice of *Here Goes*, which has got under his skin, and has made him so abnormally zealous.

Unity Theatre. MICHAEL MANNING
General Manager

JOAD AND COOKING

SIR,—C. E. M. Joad in "Meatless Musings" is unduly harsh over "the culinary habits of the Lancashire working class." He ignores the long hours of drudgery in the cotton mill that made a *robot* of the "housewife."

Once outside the mill, hungry bodies wanted quickly re-humanising. The pea and pie shop, pastrycook, and fish and chip shop met the need. Their trade dovetailed into a system that never meant women to be anything but "operatives." They might have caught up on their cookery during times of unemployment, but then there was no food to cook.

I doubt if the French, class for class, do more home cooking than the English, or do it any better. With far less meat at their disposal than we had, they treat vegetables with greater respect. The English cut bread and butter with unsurpassable skill. It is the *differences* that are so agreeable. Surprisingly, Joad seems to resent them. He wants a "good plain cook" to halve an aubergine lengthwise, excavate it, *sauté* it, stuff the half shells with a mixture of saffron-flavoured cooked rice, aubergine pulp, beaten egg, garlic, herbs, spices and seasonings, sprinkle grated cheese over, dust with fine bread crumbs, top with more cheese, dot with butter, then brown under the griller, and serve it forth as one of many courses, The man expects too much.

I am with him in his plea for sound guidance on food and cooking during the present meat shortage. But the fresh vegetables which he seems to like almost as much as I do, being poor in protein, cannot satisfy those who crave for meat which is rich in protein, cheese, with *more* protein than meat, eggs, milk, almonds, walnuts, peanuts(!), beans, peas, lentils are good alternative protein foods. For substantial savoury dishes you must prepare them according to good recipes.

But any plain cook can make delicious, "meaty" Lentil Roast by simmering 8 oz. washed red lentils in ½ pint water for 20 minutes, then mixing them with 1 large cup fried, chopped onions, 1 egg, 6 oz. finely diced cheese, 1 grated clove garlic, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, a good dash of pepper and nutmeg, and baking the mixture 2 inches deep in a greased pie dish for 30 minutes in a moderate oven, top shelf gas No. 4 or 350 deg. F. Serve it with Yorkshire pudding, gravy, new potatoes with just a small pat of real butter melting among them, carrot fritters, and quickly cooked cabbage. Lancashire Bilberry Pie with cream should follow.

IVAN BAKER

Books in General

NOT very long before her death, when reflecting on the development of anthropological knowledge which had taken place between the two editions of her *Themis*, Jane Harrison wrote:

> I found to my joy that most of my own old heresies that had seemed to my contemporaries so "rash" were accepted by the new school, almost as a postulate . . . The real delight was to find that these notions which for me, with my narrow classical training, had been, I confess, largely *a priori* guesses, had become for the new school matters of historical certainty, based on definite facts, and supported by a touch-and-handle knowledge and a sort of robust common sense to which I could lay no claim. To find myself thus out-dated was sheer joy.

This absorption of brave heresies into the main stream of knowledge and opinion, this perpetual conversion of original genius into the commonplace, a rhythmic process so familiar to the old, so incredible to the ungrateful young, has certainly overtaken Jane Harrison's work. Her fearless historical imagination was able to seize upon the innovations of archaeology and anthropology and make them stir the over-disciplined studies of classical mythology and religion to the very bottom. If the works of her friend James Frazer, from whom she drew so much of her early inspiration, have remained longer in current use, it may be because her ideas have been far more completely accepted than his, and have therefore been assimilated, whereas *The Golden Bough* endures a vast store of raw materials.

Her creative work has been absorbed, her more learned books, I understand, are not much read by students either classical or anthropological, yet her name is alive. The force and weight of her personality, the light of her enthusiasm, were not meant for oblivion. Even in nursery and schoolroom I, as a Cambridge child, had heard of this remarkable woman who lived just down the road at Newnham College, where this week-end they are celebrating the centenary of her birth. I was taken to a lecture, but unhappily she could make no personal impression upon me, so strongly had I been urged to remember that I had seen the great Miss Harrison.

She was outstanding among that first generation of women to enjoy the rewards of the struggle for higher education. If we, their successors, feel with shame that we cannot compare with them in stature, in colour, we can only plead that we have lacked the advantage of their difficulties. There are now two women holding archaeology professorships at Cambridge, yet I believe they must both feel humble when they look back at this pioneer who was never more than Fellow and Lecturer of her college.

Most of the early women students came from intellectual backgrounds but Jane Harrison was born, improbably enough, into the family of a Yorkshire timber merchant. Her father's connections gave her a fondness for Russia which she turned to scholarly account when, towards the end of her life, she published translations from Russian folk literature. After having overtaxed the capacities of a number of governesses, she went to Cheltenham and came under the rule of Miss Beale. There is something pleasing in the thought that this lady, notoriously impervious to Cupid's darts, was nourishing a girl who was soon to analyse the god of love and pursue him boldly, even into the Orphic egg.

During her student days she was inclined towards the kind of conscious intensity associated with feeding on the scent of lilies, but she must have sloughed all that was artificial in this attitude during the succeeding years when she was lecturing and doing research in London. Enough of it remained to make her happily incapable of the "robust common sense" of her more scientific successors.

It was during this London period that she produced her first substantial book, the *Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens*, where she had the collaboration of Mrs. Verrall, to make good those deficiencies in the finer trivialities of scholarship of which she was later to be accused. This work, in which Pausanias is made to serve as a guide, shows how soon she had begun to beat out the path which she was to follow throughout her life. Here already she is saying "*ritual practice misunderstood* explains the elaboration of myth." The idea that practical and emotional manifestations of primitive tribal origin underlay the literary myths which rationalised and misunderstood them, was to be a persistent element in her thought. The *Mythology and Monuments*, together with its small postscript, *Primitive Athens*, are still valuable topographical studies, though much of their mythology is out of date.

Her next book, the *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Mythology*, is also her greatest and best known; it was published in 1903, the fruit of several years as a research fellow of Newnham. In this strongly written and absolutely uncompromising book she exposed the Olympian pantheon of anthropomorphic gods and goddesses as a later crust which could be lifted off to uncover the ancient chthonic powers whose rites, with the slightest lip service to the Olympians, still dominated the seasonal festivals of Greece. Her arguments were convincing even though she had none of the evidence for the imposition of Zeus and his companions by historical conquest that has since come to light. Perhaps her proof of the importance of the many-named Great Goddess has proved the most potent and enduring of her contributions. Is it not still active in such diverse recent works as George Thomson's Marxist *Studies of Ancient Greek Society*, Rachel Levy's *Gate of Horn* and in *The Golden Fleece* and *The White Goddess* of Robert Graves?

Some of the criticism directed against the *Prolegomena* did not spring only from the timeless hostility of those who dwell on the tiny islands of scholastic security for others who "make soundings in perilous waters," but also from political prejudice. Farnell, an almost venomous critic, was an outraged opponent of the Women's Suffrage Movement then becoming vigorous under the leadership of Mrs. Fawcett; he allowed some of his antagonism to be projected on to Jane Harrison's book.

Themis, her other major work, was published nine years after the *Prolegomena*. During these years she had been excited by the ideas of Durkheim and Bergson and in *Themis* found a way of relating this enthusiasm with a fresh archaeological discovery, a primitive hymn which had been unearthed in eastern Crete. She was responsive to Durkheim's conception of a social collective consciousness because it was so well adapted to her own regilious interpretations:

> The form taken by the divinity reflects the social structure of the group to which the divinity belongs. Dionysos is the Son of his Mother because he issues from a matrilineal group.

Durkheim interested her, but Bergson seems to have stirred her imagination much as Gilbert Murray did with his verse translations. She learnt from *L'Évolution Créatrice*:

> How deep was the gulf between Dionysos the mystery-god and that Olympos he might never enter. I knew the reason of my own profound discontent. I saw that Dionysos, with every other mystery-god, was an instinctive attempt to express what Professor Bergson calls *durée*, that life which is one, indivisible, yet ceaselessly changing.

The notion of *durée* harmonised perfectly with her own understanding of the Great Goddess, her offspring or consort the Year God or Eniautos-Daimon and his more refined inheritors, Dionysos and Orpheus. Perhaps, too, it harmonised with the femininity which I feel running below the surface of all Jane Harrison's thought, encouraging that hostility to the patriarchal Zeus which made Gilbert Murray say "she has made the title 'Olympian' almost a term of reproach."

The small *Ancient Art and Ritual* followed closely upon *Themis* and brilliantly developed and clarified the argument of the larger book. It shows the ancient powers and their rituals giving rise not only to Greek drama but also the visual arts. This is the one among Jane Harrison's publications which still goes into new editions, and I wish it might be more perceptively read by those who even now wallow in arguments concerning the merits of abstract and representational art. Indeed, I wish all her books were more read, particularly by those self-named "social scientists" who might benefit from the splendid example of her style—the expression with lucidity and feeling of ideas clearly and fervently held. Yet for her books to be as mortal as her person is, after all, in keeping with her devotion to the Eniautos Daimon. One remembers "To find myself thus out-dated was sheer joy." Her books died to rise again in a a succession of New Schools.

Her personality was even more seminal than her writing. Students recall the pleasure of being at her table in hall, the extraordinary stimulus of lectures which owed their dramatic force not so much to devices such as the sounding of bull-roarers, unusual though these were in classical education, as to her own presence when, a tall figure, she took her place in a sweeping gown of black velvet. Her contemporaries and followers—most notably Professor Cornford and Sir Gilbert Murray—have delighted to admit

how much they owed to this power to rouse and to stimulate. I have two letters before me now: in one Sir John Myres writes, "I owe much to her; she woke me up with a lecture on Greek vases" in the other Miss Lorimer, "*Prolegomena* took me off my feet; I owe it an immense debt." That was her quality; she was one of those individuals, perhaps the most valuable in any culture, endowed with such creative enthusiasm that they can kindle anyone who carries a few shreds of mental or spiritual tinder.

Jane Harrison belonged very much to the pre-1914 world; she was a flame among those classical humanists in whom European civilisation found what may be its last confident expression. Yet as Mrs. Cornford observed "she had no sense of age", and remained always responsive to new ideas. This brings me one last regret. If she could respond as she did to Freud (whom she even allowed to make her more charitable towards the Olympians) how she would have leapt to Jung's teaching, so much more significant in relation to her own intuitions. With what excitement she would have weighed the possibility that ritual and myth might be inspired by figures lurking in the human unconscious from times far more remote than any she had plumbed. How she would have relished comparing the Anima with the Great Goddess. Whatever her judgment she would have listened eagerly, this "aged Athenian who could not play the deaf-adder."

JACQUETTA HAWKES

EVENING

"*Les plaisirs du revoir ; mais déjà la mort s' est glissée entre moi et les choses. . . .*"
—André Gide : *Journal.*

Too vast for grief, too vague for thought's
discomfort,
This evening deepens,
Too rich, confounds him with a sky of scents,
Concerted breath of all the closing flowers.
Faintly the tangled strings of memory,
Aeolian, clang;
Screaming of peacocks, lizards' rustling, voices
(O human voices loved and yet as far
As gardens behind glass, weeds glimpsed through
the sea!)
Resound and fade,
Then, flowing backwards, gather images,
Into the landscape of his going pour
Fragments and essences of countless days.

Heaped on his heart—
Driftwood of beauty, severed from the tree,
Abandoned a whole aeon, washed ashore—
His life dissolves in legend gradually,
Now in the evening's muted interim
Evokes Empedocles—drawn like a lover
To the cold lips of Etna where, allured
By inmost Earth,
Blindly he plunged, was melted and reborn.

Their lanterns lit,
The fishing-boats, a nightly constellation,
Shine on the water. Indistinct above,
Swifts for a moment clash with faltering bats,
Ambiguously mingled in the air . . .
In vain he listens for diverging wings.

Taormina, May, 1950 MICHAEL HAMBURGER

THE FIRST CRUSADE

A History of the Crusades. Vol. I: The First Crusade and the Foundation of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. By STEVEN RUNCIMAN. *Cambridge University Press.* 25*s.*

There are wars and holy wars, and they differ (though not in holiness) profoundly. Frederick the Great could filch a duchy from a royal cousin with expressions of cynical candour ; a great power can annex a colony without elaborate excuse ; but the holy war, the *jihad*, the crusade—these are in a different category : only the aggressions of the primitive and oppressed against the rich and civilised need the assurance of supernatural aid and justification. The hill-tribes of Judaea waged holy wars on the higher civilisation of the plains ; the beduin of the Arabian desert waged a holy war on the rich provinces of Syria and Egypt ; and in the 11th century the hillmen of the Asturias and the swarming Franks and Normans of Western Europe launched, almost simultaneously, against the rich Moslem civilisations of Spain and the East, the first of the Christian Crusades.

The First Crusade is a magnificent subject. The 11th century was a migratory, a cosmopolitan age. The exiled dynasty of Caliphs of Damascus had reigned splendidly in Cordoba ; Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, before he was killed in Yorkshire, had served the Emperor in Byzantium ; the Normans were conquering kingdoms in France and England, in South Italy and Syria, and 15 years after Hastings were defeating the Anglo-Saxons once again at Durazzo. And yet, behind this displacement of peoples, there is always unity : the unity not of individual nations but of great cosmopolitan powers. The Papacy, refreshed by the Order of Cluny, controlled the movements in both Syria and Spain ; the arrival, from Central Asia, of a new Moslem tribe, the Seldjuk Turks, only rearranged the multinational complex of Islam ; and between these two a third great cosmopolis, imperial Byzantium, though continually adjusting its frontiers and its government, though pressed by Normans in the West and by Turks in the East, though the prey of aristocratic power in the provinces and palace intrigue at the centre, yet remained, through the long and skilful reign of Alexius Comnenus, the greatest city, the richest civilisation, west of India. At the close of the century all these three supra-national powers came together. The Emperor, seeking mercenaries from Europe to oppose the Turks in Asia Minor, found an unexpectedly eager response ; the Papacy was ready to preach a holy war, the land-hungry counts and peasantry of Europe to join it ; and the Byzantine court learnt with alarm (in the words of the Emperor's daughter) that "all the West and all the barbarian tribes from the Adriatic to the pillars of Hercules were moving in a body, families and all, through Europe towards Asia." This was the beginning of the First Crusade.

Who can do justice to so vast and complex a story? A great movement, disconcerting three cosmopolitan civilisations, and leaving its evidence in Slavonic and Arabic, Syriac and Armenian records, is obviously beyond the scope of those narrow medievalists who crouch, in devout but rigid and uncommunicative postures, before their national repositories. But Mr. Steven Runciman is a scholar who can study such sources, and—what is almost as rare—an historian who can use, a writer who can express, their evidence. His learning is deep, his presentation clear, his style firm and graceful. He has the gift of occasional irony : he is particularly happy on the subject of pilgrimages, those grand tours to the East made fashionable by the Empress Helena, "most exalted and successful of the world's great archaeologists," (did she not discover and authenticate, in Palestine, all the relics of the Passion ?) and by St. Jerome, who drew after him to Bethlehem the greatest and richest ladies of Roman society ; and I like, among the echoes of Stockholm, to read of that militant 11th century "League of Peace" which burnt down the village of Bénécy and was ultimately routed by Count Odo of Déols, with the slaughter (it is said) of 700 radical clergymen. It is one mark of the greatness of Gibbon that no one can now treat his subject—however he may modify its details—without some trace of his olympian philosophy.

In this happy blend of scholarship and style Mr. Runciman deals with the whole history of the First Crusade, down to the establishment of the Frankish kingdom of Jerusalem. He sees it—as I think all such movements, if genuine, are to be seen—as a barbarian invasion ; and his hero, if he has a hero, is the Byzantine Emperor, Alexius Comnenus, the statesman who, in his long reign of 37 distracted years, seldom needed, or exercised, such arts of diplomacy and administration as when some hundred thousand armed fanatics from the forests of Europe presented themselves as his allies and threatened, unless admitted, to burn his capital. (At least, he could reflect, they might have been more : for the German crusaders never got beyond Hungary. However they did not thereby miss the virtue of crusading. If they were unable to share in the terrible massacres of Antioch and Jerusalem at least they had begun their enterprise by a laudable slaughter of the Jews at home). And yet, if the crusades were a barbarian movement, that does not make them unworthy of study. "Barbarian" to historians, as to the Greeks, is a neutral word and it would be a rash historian (or a purblind politician) who would exclude primitive societies from scrutiny or respect. Mr. Runciman is too wise to hold such a view. If, as a Byzantinist, he is most in sympathy with the delicate policy of the Emperor—which seemed merely "Greek treachery" to the crusaders—he is as scrupulous in his understanding of the barbarian—and perhaps more treacherous—crusaders, and he does full justice to the genius of their ultimate leaders. For above the crude Frankish and Norman nobles and the superstition and savagery of their followers there was always a greater, more sceptical, more magnanimous institution, as politic, as responsible and (when necessary) as unscrupulous as the Byzantine Empire : the Church of Rome. Above the passions which it controlled and used, the Church appears in this narrative a majestic human institution. Two great Popes launched the movement ; the archbishops of Germany protected the helpless Jews from its fanatics ; the papal legate, Adhemar bishop of Puy, was the acknowledged leader and statesman of the crusade, his death at Antioch its greatest misfortune. At the highest level (though not below), the responsible rulers of East and West understood each other. If the Emperor Alexius is the first of Mr. Runciman's heroes, Pope Urban II is the next.

And what of the barbarian Princes ? Crusading zeal may animate primitive men in their aggression against superior civilisation ; it may also isolate them from its influence ; but fortunately not for long. So in this, as in other crusades—in Syria, as in Spain—we can watch the gradual decay of bigotry as the crusading princes, established in their new kingdoms, yielded to the influence of culture, the necessity of politics. Already, as Count of Edessa (conquered in passing from a Christian ruler) Baldwin, the first King of Jerusalem, among the muttering of virtuous knights, had invited Moslems to serve his government ; the new kings accepted homage from Moslem emirs, diplomacy with Moslem powers ; and a papal legate was even ready, in pursuit of his own ambitions, to promote civil war between the Christian princes. In this book—the first volume of what promises to be an important trilogy—we only apprehend the beginning of this process. It was to go further. Arab culture, through the Crusades, was to civilise Europe as Greek culture had civilised its Roman conquerors. So, 130 years later, when Frederick II, the Stupor, and to some the Scandal of the World (for he took a bath daily), went on his crusade, we will find him sitting in the terrace of a Mosque in Jerusalem, discussing, in Arabic, astronomy

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with the Sultan, and congratulating the enemy of Christendom on having, in his half of the world, no such nuisance as a Pope.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

THE ORGONE AND I

Character Analysis. By WILHELM REICH. *Vision Press and Peter Nevill.* 35*s.*

Wilhelm Reich was notable among the members of the Vienna Seminar for Psychoanalytic Therapy for combining left-wing politics with a radical tendency in psychoanalytic doctrine. To-day, expelled by the Freudians, and rejected by the Marxists, he promotes a system of "Bioenergetics," with its own therapeutic devices—Orgone Therapy and Vegetotherapy, in addition to "opening a new epoch in psychoanalysis" (dust-jacket), and discovering "atmospheric (cosmic) orgone energy" (author's preface).

Character Analysis, in its original form, antedates these events by several years. The German text, published by the Sexpol Verlag in 1933, marked the occasion of his break with the official psychoanalytic movement. In this, the third edition, and the first to be produced in England, one considerable section has been added and there are minor emendations intended to bring it into line with later Reichian doctrine. The book now contains three longish sections, each of which had been communicated, in whole or part, independently of the main work. The presentation follows the order of composition, 1927, 1933, and 1937—an important point, for it is clear that Dr. Reich's thought has tended, with the passage of the years, to increase in obscurity and grandiosity. A textual critic might be tempted to trace here the work of two authors—a proto- and deutero-Reich—or, perhaps a whole continuum of Reichs passing by scarcely discernible steps from the first to the last, passing, if the metaphor is permitted, gradually round the bend.

The first section, on *Technique*, is by the standards of the remainder, connected, intelligible, and restrained. Its emphasis is on the necessity for dealing with the patient's "character"—the word seems to have slightly, but only slightly, more than its popular meaning—not with the isolated symptoms of his illness. This was no doubt a valuable corrective in Freudian circles in the Twenties. It was, of course, what pre-Freudian alienists had always imagined that they were doing, but the powerful techniques introduced by Freud for the interpretation of symptoms made possible a lack of perspective which Dr. Reich was not alone in criticising. The resistances to analysis, he notes, are often associated with the patient's "character," which he feels to be normal, not with his symptoms, which he recognises as abnormal. Further, resistances of the former kind may show themselves not in open antagonism to the analyst, but in obsequiousness and excessive politeness. So long as these resistances persist, the interpretation of symptoms, though accepted intellectually by the patient, will not result in an emotional release.

All this will be fully comprehensible to anyone who has followed the trend of psychoanalytic thought up to, say, the *New Introductory Lectures* (1933). In the second section Dr. Reich's message begins to outpace his vocabulary—there is a flavour in it of mumbo jumbo, and the "privately pre-arranged meanings of familiar words." With the transition from psychoanalysis to Orgone Therapy the difficulties increase for those who are unversed in Dr. Reich's principles. We can all be grateful, however, for certain confidential glimpses afforded of the personal regimen of the orgone therapist—observe him, for instance, dealing with a nasty go of "Emotional Plague."

> An orgone therapist is apt to say of himself: "I'm no good to-day, I have the plague." In our circles, such attacks of the emotional plague, if slight, are handled by one's withdrawing for a while until the attack of irrationalism subsides. In serious cases, where rational thinking and friendly counsel are not enough, one clears up the situation orgone-therapeutically . . . To me and the close co-workers, the acute attack of the emotional plague is such a familiar phenomenon that we take it with calm and master it objectively . . . It happens, of course, that such an attack of the emotional plague is not mastered . . . We take such accidents in the same manner as one takes a serious physical disease or the death of an esteemed co-worker.

In the third and final part we are well into the domain of orgone therapy, grappling with muscular armoring ("After about half an hour of careful and painstaking work on her cervical armoring, the first outburst of hate occurred."), plasmatic motion, orgonotic streamings, and that magic box, the orgone accumulator, which, besides reactivating patients who are running short of cosmic energy will, conveniently enough, light an electric filament. The status of these concepts is never clear—they are presented as physical entities but the operations necessary to verify their existence are not revealed. The only comfort I can offer to the reader, who feels himself on unfamiliar territory, is that the illustrations are pure Thurber. My own preference among them was for a lunate outline, labelled helpfully, "head-end," "tail-end," and "back," and bearing the caption "basic biophysical attitude of the unarmored organism." If economy of meaning can go further than this, it shouldn't. The translation is adequate, but the price and length of this book are excessive.

A. D. HARRIS

THE SEA AND THE CITY

The Enchaféd Flood, or The Romantic Iconography of the Sea. By W. H. AUDEN. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Since Frazer, Freud, Jung and others first drew our attention to the non-verbal symbolic language of dream and myth, a corresponding revolution has taken place in literary criticism, marked by such books as Livingston Lowes' *Road to Xanadu*, Maud Bodkin's *Archetypal Patterns in Poetry*, Robert Graves's *The White Goddess*, and now on the full tide of this new current Mr. Auden explores the theme of sea symbolism that has evidently been in his mind for some time. In *The Sea and the Mirror* he touched mysteries of myth more profound than any in his earlier poems. The three essays in the present volume one might describe as explorations in the sphere of imaginative ethics, made with the aid of symbolic clues that lead, if not to the heart of the mystery, at least far enough to allow the magnitude of the mystery to appear and to strike awe. Mr. Auden has always been a moralist; but whereas in the poems of the Thirties, the ethics was grafted on to the poetry, in his latest poems, and now in these essays, the moral is integral, and to be discovered in the symbol itself, as in dreams.

Mr. Auden's point of departure is in fact a dream described by Wordsworth in the Fifth Book of the *Prelude*. The poet, sleeping in a cave by the sea, dreams of a figure, half Quixotic knight-errant, half Bedouin, who in one hand holds a stone, in the other a shell. The stone symbolises the ordered earth of Euclid's Elements, the shell "something of more worth," imagination or instinct, whose "loud prophetic blast of harmony" nevertheless warns of the destruction of the world. The Bedouin rides away with the deluge after him.

The sea is the archaic chaos that threatens human consciousness in its precarious emergence; in the apocalyptic City, symbol of the completed work of spiritual integration, "there was no more sea," for the threatening primæval chaos has been given form and order in the process of becoming conscious. Another wilderness—the desert—is, like the sea, a place of solitude, outside the order that holds good in the City: the place of the scapegoat, the evil man driven out of the good city; or of the ascetic, the good man who flees from the evil city. Unlike the sea, the desert is a place where all life has ended: the sea is the

alpha, the desert the omega of temporal existence. The sea is "the symbol of primitive potential power as contrasted with the desert of actualised triviality, of living barbarism versus lifeless decadence."

The distinctive new attitude of the Romantic poets towards the sea is of a piece with Blake's and Coleridge's theory of the imagination, and with the emergence at that time of the idea that there is an irrational world, accessible to imagination though closed to reason—in fact the first intuition of the existence and power of the unconscious, that was the great and abiding discovery of the Romantic poets. The sea voyage had traditionally been regarded as a misfortune, something undertaken only from necessity (Odysseus or Sir Patrick Spens) or as a purgatory, as in *The Tempest*. "The sea is for the romantics the real situation, and the voyage is the true condition of man." Coleridge, Byron, Rimbaud, Baudelaire, Melville, create, or are themselves, heroes who renounce the rational order of the city, and who put to sea, entrusting themselves, symbolically, to instinct and the irrational. Mr. Auden might have added that Blake's Abyss, or Hell, is this same fertile chaos, and the "heaven" of rational consciousness, the terra firma of the Enlightenment, is a territory "stolen from the abyss," an accurate foreshadowing of the theory of Freud. Mr. Auden's second essay, on "The Stone and the Shell," explores the contrasted universes of rational order and imaginative chaos, as they stood in relation to one another at the time of the Romantics. The third essay, on Ishmael and Don Quixote, analyses the character and role of the hero of the wilderness who is not, like Theseus or Oedipus, a founder of cities, but the one who leaves the city whose laws are too narrow to confine him. As Blake says, "Now the sneaking serpent walks in mild humility," while "the just man rages in the wilds"—with Lord Byron in the Wilderness. The exile may be self-imposed, the quest of the saintly Quixote, or self-incurred through guilt, like Byron's, Rimbaud's or that of Coleridge's Mariner. In either case, Mr. Auden does well to remind us of what we owe to the immense courage of these romantic heroes, pioneers in the discovery of the laws and powers of the instinctive and unconscious forces that to-day are given their due. Our own problem, Mr. Auden says, is the repairing of the walls of the City, and our temptation is not, as theirs was, pride, but prostitution. At least we owe it to them to make the city walls more inclusive than they were. This is altogether an illuminating book, full of flashes of suggestion, of tentative yet penetrating answers, thrown out incidentally in the author's pursuit of questions that lie still deeper.

Mr. Auden might have found comfort in the symbolism of the metamorphosis of sea-monsters, described both by Coleridge and by Blake, both of whom say that a change of attitude changes loathsome or terrible things into images of beauty. Instead, he has taken as his main text *Moby Dick*, and the grimmer, perhaps grander, though mistaken, heroism of Captain Ahab, the human ego that pits itself against the God of the Book of Job, and will rather die than make its submission to the divine irrational. It is true that the malevolence, or "clumsiness" of the White Whale, that destroys men and ships with a flick of its tail, is more apparent than the possibility of a change of attitude that would reconcile man with such a Being. Like Robert Graves's longer and more fully documented account of his own chosen myth, the White Goddess, this book leaves the reader with the disturbing sense of more unsaid than said, and yet what it does say is remarkable. What, for example, is the secret of the deep attraction of the sea, or sailors, for the homosexual Cowper, Rimbaud, Hopkins? Is it enough to say that at sea the laws of the land no longer apply, that sailors are amoral beings like mermen or seal-men? Or do those who turn to the sea confront an image of the Mother more terrible than Mr. Graves's White Goddess, in whose vast womb strange foetal monsters swim? Why are women associated with ill-luck at sea?

Celtic mythology distinguishes between the god of the surface of the sea, and the god of the under-sea country, a kind of elysium, lost, like Atlantis, or the place to which the dead will go. Mr. Auden has more to say of the surface-of-the-sea mythology than of the undersea country, quite rightly, because so had the Romantic poets. Yet in granting that the ship is the symbol of the storm-tossed state, or the voyage of life, we would do well to remember other aspects of the symbol not recognised by the Romantic poets, nor given, perhaps, due weight by Mr. Auden—the Ark as a birth symbol, Aphrodite and her mussel-shell, the rebirth symbolism of the Gnostic Anthropos, symbolised as a ship, repeated, perhaps, in the carol about Jesus sailing into Bethlehem on Christmas Day in a ship. All these sail into port, *from* the sea. Mr. Auden has been concerned with the voyage out. But, as Joyce has made it in *Finnegan's Wake*, the sea is the beginning as well as the end of the life-cycle. Nor is the elysian undersea country wholly alien to mammals who spend nine months in the amniotic waters, and who carry in their very veins the salinity of the ocean from which, in fact, and in myth, all life has emerged.

KATHLEEN RAINE

MAKE DO AND MEND

The Forties. By ALAN ROSS. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21s.

With a picture book one begins by looking at the pictures, and the aim of this picture book is "to preserve atmosphere," the atmosphere of the Forties in England. Turn the pages at random and what do we see? Nothing we didn't expect, nothing that surprises. Mr. Frank Philips, "the favourite of many listeners," reads the news. An R.A.F. pilot, with moustaches like handlebars, hugs a spaniel. Men and women dance in an air-raid shelter. Civil Defence workers dig up the buried from a blitzed house. Mr. Churchill gives the V-sign. Queues. G.I.s blow up balloons at children's parties. "Dylan Thomas remained the romantic ingenue (*sic*) who still wrote . . . the best poetry of his generation." Reproductions of Piper, Moore, Sutherland, Nash, Ravilious, Kennington. Office workers take after-lunch naps on the grass-covered ruins near St. Paul's. Pre-fabricated houses. Jive. Mr. Morrison meets Miss Googie Withers. Queues again for the Proms, the Old Vic, Van Gogh. The sad military face of George Orwell. The New Look, the plunging neck-line, the Urchin Crop. Denis Compton. Gussie Moran, "whose lace pants had given the British press a fixation complex," whatever that may be. Mr. Danny Kaye, the Duke of Edinburgh, who "had endeared himself to all by playing excellent cricket." Heath, Haigh, Stanley. And a seal swims the Channel. Atmosphere? Yes, here and there, in Cecil Beaton's superb studies; but not in the severely functional press pictures out of which the collection is mainly composed. In the captions, then? But the captions, flat, slick with a dead-pan knowingness, say too much and too little. You must bring your own atmosphere.

But there's still Mr. Alan Ross's letterpress: Mr. Ross is a poet: he should be able to evoke the atmosphere of the decade. Here, however, Mr. Ross is writing prose, and he over-writes so blatantly and mercilessly—in a manner suggestive of a competition between Mr. Auden and Mr. Graham Greene to see who could outdo the other in proliferation of clinical imagery—as almost to be unreadable. "Summer burned like a brittle pyre in whose flames the words of a great orator were cremated for ever in history." Sort that one out. Mr. Ross, of course, has had to do too much; in the space of a few thousand words it is impossible to net the time-spirit of a decade so near to us, to assess its manifestations in politics, art, writing, the theatre, women's fashions, sport and sexual behaviour, without

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appearing brassy, over-confident and portentously modish. Because he lacks the space to qualify his generalisations, too many of them are questionable. "The petting-party of the Twenties, their transvested homo-sexuality, æstheticism and guilty rejection of a world of strikes and agitators and intelligent but alarmingly-in-earnest proletarians": one suspects that Mr. Ross's information about that decade was derived exclusively from *Decline and Fall* and *Vile Bodies*. And when one sees Mr. Herbert Read described as "graceless" one wants to know whether the word is being used in its theological sense and, if not, in what; and one wants to add, if Mr. Read is to be the model, along with Owen and Sassoon, of gracelessness, let gracelessness prevail, for we could plainly do with much more of it.

If we look at the Forties as they existed on the Continent we shall see that the two great symbols of the decade there were the concentration camp and the displaced person: and if we can strip them of their vile associations and use them as quite neutral terms, we may say that the concentration camp and the displaced person are similarly the symbols of the Forties in this country. Simply because we were abruptly snatched from our accustomed backgrounds and herded together with scores (or thousands) of similarly uprooted men and women to do jobs we had no wish to do and, often enough, felt little aptitude for, millions of us, whether in the services, in industry or the wartime bureaucracy, found ourselves in concentration camps of a sort, displaced persons of a sort. Mr. Ross rightly says: "The Forties saw the end of the individual's role in history; that is, the individual acting on his own private initiative." But as the individual became less important in the organisation of war, so he became increasingly important in his own eyes. It was this which gave rise to the almost universal sense of personal frustration that, at a quick glance back, seems the keynote of the decade. Yet that is to state it too unsubtly. The frustration was real enough, but it was not everything, and often it was assumed as a form of protective colouring. Rather, each of us was living in exile, each of us living at a frontier of existence not dreamt of before. We were expelled from the normal landscape and climate of our lives, out of touch with our friends. So one of the reallest things about the war years was an intense personal loneliness, the sense of isolation. It was for this reason that London (or whatever town the centre of one's life had been) was so important. Postal addresses became less and less valid; one's friends might be anywhere and have become anything; and friendship, personal relations, became the more acutely important as they became the more tenuous.

Frustration, loneliness, the permanent sense of incongruity: all these characterised the war years. But so also did an emotion Mr. Ross scarcely mentions, but it existed, at moments it dissolved the feeling of isolation, and to ignore it now would be inverted sentimentality. Call it the sense of glory. It is not a workaday emotion, and we are right to be normally shy of it: put it in the headlines or dramatise it on the air and it is immediately cheapened. But in 1940 and 1941 and at rare instances later it quickened our lives.

The decade that began with the phoney war ended with the cold war. The cold war goes on, and while it does we are still spiritually in the Forties, the period of "make do and mend." The feeling of insecurity has again become endemic to our race, and the question Mr. Spender posed before the last hot war obsesses us once more:

> Who live under the shadow of a war,
> What can I do that matters?

Or rather, it would obsess us if our experience of that war hadn't provided the answer, which is that, like peasants living under the shadow of a volcano, we must go on being ourselves. In the last resort, the only wise counsel is that of the old soldier whom I seem to remember being reported in this journal before the war: "Don't worry, and keep your bowels open." Inadequate no doubt; but even so, it isn't so easy.

WALTER ALLEN

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NEW NOVELS

A Long Day's Dying. By FREDERICK BUECHNER. *Chatto.* 9s. 6d.

The Earth is Our Heritage. By ERNST WIECHERT. *Peter Nevill.* 12s. 6d.

A Grove of Fever Trees. By DAPHNE ROOKE. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Woman Returning. By JAMES WELLARD. *Werner Laurie.* 11s. 6d.

Mr. Buechner's *A Long Day's Dying*—maddening, precocious, stuffed like a literary olive with the style of Henry James, as it too often is—is the most interesting of these books. It gives a "roundness" to its characters and situations which Mr. Wiechert is content to leave to the reader to supply and with which Miss Rooke and Mr. Wellard are hardly concerned.

An attractive middle-aged American woman goes down to her son's university for the week-end. A friend of hers, a sprightly egocentric successful novelist, is giving a lecture there and she makes this the occasion for her visit. The lecture and the visit pass off pleasantly enough. There is a good deal of co-educational drinking and talking and high spirits, in the course of which the woman and her son's young English teacher become momentarily attracted to each other. They spend the night together, and that, since neither is in love with the other, should have been that. Indeed for the Miss Rookes and Mr. Wellards and a hundred other adequate writers of the people-plus-setting-multiplied-by-plot-equals-novel school of writing, that *would* have been that. In the next chapter someone would have had to go to bed with somebody else, or be murdered, or take the next boat back to England. But an apparently simple incident in real life is as full of surprising ramifications as a simple movement of an arm is full of nervous and muscular causes and effects. It is with these ramifications of his incident, in spite of the two participants' wish to keep it in a watertight compartment, that Mr. Buechner deals.

First among those affected is Motley, the novelist, who is in his own way in love with Elizabeth, without wishing to do anything about it, but for whom the night spent at the university is none the less a monstrous infidelity, first to be deteeted, then to be revenged, slyly with the tongue. Then comes Tristram Bone, an enormous man, rich and contemplative, who has his own clumsy hopeless passion for Elizabeth. And in more distant concentric circles are Emma his housekeeper, Simon his monkey, who acts as a sort of gibbering Greek chorus and Maroo, Elizabeth's mother. Finally, of course, Elizabeth and the university professor are themselves affected. It would be unfair to Mr. Buechner to reveal the details of this emotional chain reaction, but in one aspect, in particular, of its effect on the university professor he shows a fine novelist's perception. And for those readers to whom this synopsis may suggest a lack of the more elementary excitements of a novel, there is a guarantee of two deaths, one of them violent and bloody.

There is a certain lack of humour—though not of irony—in *A Long Day's Dying* which should disappear from Mr. Buechner's writing as his style grows less self-conscious. (This is a first novel.) A particular criticism of his book might be that Elizabeth, alone, seems to lack air around her. She is the one character of whose emotional life and sensibility *outside* the particular situation in this book one is not convinced, and she is too important for such doubt to be allowable. However, Mr. Buechner remains a promising novelist in a good deal more than the usual sense of the word. That is to say one really does feel there is a chance that he might some day write something better than a promising novel.

The Earth Is Our Heritage is an admirable book in a steady, old-fashioned, worthy sort of way—a cross between a poor man's Hardy and a very poor man's *War and Peace*. It is an account of the lives of the inhabitants of an East Prussian village from the beginning of the century to 1918. Ernst Wiechert has conveyed the solitariness and primitiveness of the village, the hard simple lives of the peasants and the forlorn beauty of the East Prussian landscape remarkably well. The cry of the lapwings, the smell of the pine forests and the marshes, and the difficulty of getting a living from the soil are the constant factors in the story which somehow manages to reach backwards and forwards into time far beyond the immediate lives with which it is concerned. There have been countless other families in Sowirog like that of Jakob Jeromin, the charcoal burner, countless other ploughmen like Peewit, shepherds like Piontek, wars with their burnings and rapes and young men fleeing to the forest.

> . . . This would remain and would be there whenever he returned. Dark earth under the evening star, a white gaunt horse, older than the horses of the Apocalypse, a plough rustling softly through the stubble, and a man walking behind it like a shadow.

The echo of "Only an old man harrowing clods . . ." is genuine. In this respect the book is impressive, as indeed is the translation from the German by Robert Maxwell.

The actual narrative is more ordinary. Jons, the youngest Jeromin, fired by his father's precept that the poor too can wear a crown, is sent to school in the town with the support of the village teacher, and is sustained throughout his childhood, adolescence and war experience by an instinctive sympathy with the Sermon on the Mount; two of his brothers are murdered, one becomes a crook, and his sister marries a count. To write a great book it is necessary to do more than make vivid the vast timelessness of time, the terrible ruthlessness and indifference of Nature. It is necessary also to convey in words the deep infinities of the human soul. And in this respect Ernst Wiechert is to Hardy and Tolstoy as a thirty-watt bulb is to the sun.

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Africa, *A Grove of Fever Trees*, leans too heavily on its technical crutches. And they are two crutches soiled and shiny already from constant use by other writers in need of artificial aid. One is the fact that its first person narrator is a reminiscing invalid. The other is that this narrator is Mad, so that Anything May Happen. It is only fair to say that the welter of melodrama in an isolated white settlement in Zululand is improved even by those elementary forms of support.

The woman in *Woman Returning* is a 37-year-old English schoolmistress, and she is returning to Italy to tell a disreputable fisherman with whom she has had an affair before the war that he has had a son who died. It is a sincere naive story of how her love for a little Italian beggar boy, whom she wants to adopt as a substitute for her son, is thwarted by red tape and slowly turned to tragedy. The emotion is honest and survives the sort of poverty of style which gives itself away here, as so often, in too much adverbial dialogue (". . . said Grace coldly," "urgently," "stiffly," "politely," . . . "he said without compassion.").

ROBERT KEE

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Symphonies. HAYDN: No. 93, D major (RPO/Beecham. LX 1361-3). Sir Thomas's conducting of Mozart and Haydn has become more mannered than it used to be, as you can tell if you compare this set with the excellent one made before the war. Nevertheless, this is a most affectionate and stylish performance. The recording, though adequate, is far from first-rate, and the string tone is only an approximation. When are Columbia going to accord Sir Thomas a recording worthy of him? GLAZOUNOV: No. 4, E flat major (Santa Cecilia Orch/Rachmilovich. *CCL 7503). This sunny, romantic symphony, with its stream of unforced melody, has too long been ignored by the companies. As far as one can hear, the present performance leaves nothing to be desired; but the recording is so lacking in solidity, in every sense so precarious, that it seems in constant danger of coming unstuck from the disc!

Concerto. BACH: For Three Pianos, C major (Edwin Fischer/Ronald Smith/Denis Matthews/Philharmonia Orch/Fischer. DB 21180-2). This recording is a remarkable achievement. Great care has evidently been taken, not only with the placing of the pianos and their balance against the strings, but with the dynamics of the soloists themselves. The result is that Bach's incredible *tour de force*, instead of sounding like a petrol-driven pianola, comes through with every contrapuntal strand in clearest outline. The interweaving of the solos (admirably matched and played) is a delight to follow. Edwin Fischer conducts, from the first piano, with complete authority and sets tempi that impose no strain. In the *Fantasia in C minor*, which provides the fill-up, the piano tone is not nearly so pleasant.

Miscellaneous Orchestral. TCHAIKOVSKY: Variations from Suite No. 3, G major (Philharmonia Orch/Malko. C 4058-60). The only other available issue (Decca) of this popular work is far from satisfactory, but I can find little wrong with the new set. In fact, the recording is magnificent and the performance has all (including a mellifluous violin solo) that is needed to recommend the music. The fill-up is an Intermezzo from Tchaikovsky's opera, *Voyevoda*. JOHANN STRAUSS: Emperor Waltz (Vienna Phil/Furtwängler. DB 21174). This disc is otiose. A splendid recording exists by Vienna Phil/Karajan (Col), another—hardly less good—by New SO/Krips (Decca), still another by Walter Goehr (Decca); while Bruno Walter's pre-war disc, though the recording now shows its age, has not been surpassed for sheer elegance of style. Furtwängler's performance is heavy and uninteresting, and poorly recorded into the bargain. RICHARD STRAUSS: "Dance of the Seven Veils"—*Salome* (RPO/Beecham. DB 21149). There can be little that Sir Thomas does not know about this kind of music—one perceives that in every line of the performance—but even his virtuosity is powerless against so coarse and violent a recording. RAVEL: *Ma Mère l'Oye*—Suite (LSO/Previtali. C 7824-5). Despite the opulence of the sound, this recording produces an effect of inflation. There is never a true pianissimo, and the loudest passages blare disagreeably. I also feel that Previtali takes the first section much too slowly. The NSO/Beer set (Decca) is more carefully recorded and has, as a performance, a more poetic atmosphere about it. HAYDN: Divertimento, G. major, Op. 31, No. 1; Fourth London Trio, G major; Grenadier March (London Baroque Ensemble. SW 8118-9). Musically less interesting than the recent issues of this ensemble, these little movements are also less well recorded—and a glance at the matrix numbers gives the reason: tape. The frequency with which recent recordings have been wholly or partially spoilt by dubbing from tape is a disturbing feature of the present situation in the gramophone world. BLISS: *Checkmate*—Ballet Suite (Covent Garden Orch/Irving. DX 8364-6). Though inferior, in my view, to the music for *Miracle in the Gorbals*, *Checkmate* is vivid and powerful; it deserved a more inventive choreography. The Suite is mostly rather noisy, and the recording makes insufficient allowance for this; but the "Entry of the Black Queen" is very good Bliss and the performance finds both orchestra and conductor at their best. GLINKA: *Valse Fantaisie; Jota Aragonesa; Russlan and Ludmilla* Overture; *Kamarinskaya* (Santa Cecilia Orch/Rachmilovich. *CTL 7002). An excellent assemblage of lively and charming music. The recording, though in places much better than that of the Glazounov Symphony reviewed above, has on the whole the same drawbacks.

(To be concluded)

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Report by Marcus Cunliffe

Do they wear new shoes in Eden?
Is it always pleasant there?

Apparently not: all kinds of deprivations annoy, and some are even applying for transfers. Others are disturbed by this world's woes; indeed, in Victor Ratnavale's grim parody of *If*, Hell is going out of business, unable to compete with napalm and the atom bomb. Though most competitors subscribed to the "orthodox" view of the Other World, there were ingenious variations (e.g., M. Goldblatt's picture of a remedial institution with Freud as M.O.H. and Proust as P.T. instructor). Commended: J. R. Till, Guy Innes, A. M. Sayers, J. Gaudon, Lakon, N. Hodgson. Two guineas to Edward Blishen, a guinea to each of the others printed below.

WAGNER

Table-rappings of a *very* violent nature spelled out (in German) "nothing but damned harps." Asked for his name, spirit replied "Richard Wagner." Calmed down and told us that on arrival in the Other World he was received with open arms by St. Peter, who said musicians were always specially welcome. Put in charge of the Heavenly Philharmonic. Found, to his horror, that the only instruments were *verdammte* harps. Ordered percussion, wind and brass. Frosty interview with St. P., who asked if he could imagine an angel flying around with a French horn. W. retorted: "Can you imagine a tinkling Twilight of the Gods?" Three aeons C.E. (Confined to Elysium) for Blasphemy. Found there Berlioz, Beethoven and others, all ex-conductors of the H.P.O. Formed a small musical resistance movement which, says W., is now on the brink of persuading the authorities to allow angels to carry very small trumpets. Spirit grew violent again and table was knocked over, breaking contact and bruising my ankle.

EDWARD BLISHEN

KIPLING

Seance at Goole: 23rd October 1950. Medium: Mrs. Plasma. Guide: Ro Ta, Indian boy, passed on 823. Manifestations: Steamship hooter; sound of military boots; levitation of masonic apron; a tambourine with a penny in it.

Rudyard Kipling came through. He spoke hurriedly, as his transfer to Poet's Corner had just come through, and he was awaiting Transport. Complained of bad organisation, due to over-precise documentation at Reception. Listed objections as follows: because his grandfather was a parson had been in charge of hymn-books; because he had been at a public school was obliged to umpire at cricket; was put down to mess with I. C. S. and McAndrew. Queen Victoria still not on speaking terms. Voice then became excited, repeating "India paper, India paper . . ." about eight times, followed by confused gabbling, interrupted by voice of Alderman Cockfoster, of Goole.

Alderman Cockfoster is very, very happy. . . .

H. V. S. PAGE

TOLSTOY

Interviewed through the medium of a Planchette Board, Tolstoy said that he did not know which Heaven he was in, but he was quite sure it was not the seventh.

His companions, all uncongenial, included Homer, Shakespeare, Henry James, Turgeniev and Flaubert, with a host of minor Elizabethan playwrights.

His present diet was manna, which, as he had pointed out in unavailing letters to the Almighty, was neither hygienic nor nutritious. He had asked in vain for some of the sour milk of Paradise.

He had been sent down for six months to Limbo for refusing to bear arms in the war against Satan.

As there were no marriages here, he had not been able to write another *Kreutzer Sonata*; nor, as there were no horses, another *The Cossacks*; nor, as there were no sins and no vices, had he been able to write any pamphlets. When the Almighty wanted a novel, he sent for Henry James, or Flaubert, or Turgeniev. When he wanted a play, he sent for Shakespeare. "Apparently," said the former sage of Yasnaya Polyana, gloomily, "he does all his moral teaching himself."

Tolstoy further complained that beards, in his quarter of Heaven, were composed of some etheric material that made combing an impossibility; nor, for the same reason, was he able to tear his hair. "But," growled the great man, "I would if I could."

G. J. BLUNDELL

BOSWELL

With the HELP of Lady Mary Wortley-Montague, Boswell has been FOUND. He is living in the sixth heaven, that is, the heaven next to the seventh, the abode of Great Men. There is a GULF between them. Boswell spends his days running up and down on his side of the Gulf, waving to friends BEYOND. Nearly all of them acknowledge him, he says. He has presented copies of his London Journal to his friends, but complains of "A great excess of footnotes. I did not write to be obscure. Obscurity is the last refuge. . . ." Here, at the impatient twanging of a stringed instrument, he broke off. "Johnson," he explained apologetically, "has taken up music. Anyway, I could not recollect anything good that has been said upon Obscurity." He corresponds daily with the Doctor, attending all his lectures. He hopes to rise to the seventh heaven and has sought introductions to influential WATCHERS. "I detest the nectar here," he said, his voice sounding like a pale blue light.

COLIN SHAW

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Anybody here for Flo? You, dear, in the corner—auntie, was it? Well, there's a message. Stop it, Redwing, stop pinching! Ow! It's coming——

She says they're all too kind, and everything's very nice and clean. There's not much to do, she says. "*Too kind, too clean!*"

I'm just giving it to you, dear, as they give it to me. She's feeling better, she's much stronger now, but she'd like a change.

"*If only I could get away! Outside, there is still great work to be done. I have in mind some kind of inter-planetary expedition. But these men will not move. As if we had all Eternity! The Bison is as ever*——"

Fond of animals, was she? Well, they're all there. All the pets are with her.

"*My memos. are simply passed to some pinion and neatly dove-holed.*"

But she's quite happy, there's some soldiers with her. "*One of them spoke to me yesterday. 'God help them all,' he said, 'if only you were there now, ma'am. I'm worried about the wife and kids'*——"

Not you, dear. She says not to worry, and take care of your health.

MARGARET TIMS

CHESS: Napoleon's Last Triumph

No. 74

It is often assumed that great men known for their devotion to Chess were good players. They hardly ever were. They may well have failed to achieve greatness had they devoted too much time to the game.

Napoleon loved Chess but he was a pretty poor player up to 1815. He seemed to be otherwise preoccupied. It was at St. Helena, a few months before his death, that he played the best game of his career; but his opponent, the General Henri Gratien Bertrand, was more conspicuous for his loyalty than for his prowess at Chess.

(1)	Kt-KB3	P-K4	(10) B x P ch	K-Q1
(2)	P-K4	Kt-QB3	(11) P x Q	P x R (Q)
(3)	P-Q4	Kt x P	(12) B x Kt	B-K2
(4)	Kt x Kt	P x Kt	(13) Q-Kt3	P-QR4
(5)	B-QB4	B-B4	(14) R-B8 ch	B x R
(6)	P-QB3	Q-K2	(15) B-Kt5 ch	B-K2
(7)	O-O	Q-K4	(16) B x B ch	K x B
(8)	P-B4	P x P ch	(17) Q-B7 ch	K-Q1
(9)	K-R1	P x KtP	(18) Q-B8 mate	

One great man fairly good at Chess was Jean Jaques Rousseau. I am indebted to Martin Beheim-Schwarzbach (a C.C.G. official highly erudite in chess literature) for the score of a most amusing game said to be won by Rousseau against Prince Conti in 1759.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(10) Q-R5 ch	K-B1
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(11) B x P	Q-Kt2
(3)	B-B4	B-B4	(12) P-B4	P x QP
(4)	P-QB3	Q-K2	(13) P-B5	P x P ch
(5)	O-O	P-Q3	(14) K-R1	P x P
(6)	P-Q4	B-Kt3	(15) B x Kt	P x R (Q)
(7)	B-KKt5	P-B3	(16) P-B6	Q-Kt3
(8)	B-KR4	P-Kt4	(17) B-R6 ch	K x B
(9)	Kt x P	P x Kt	(18) P-B7 ch and mates next move.	

A: Ph. Stamma 1737

For this week's competition it seems only fitting to include at least one study that may well have been known to both Rousseau and Bonaparte. It may even be known to some of our competitors. At any rate, it is easy enough to be rather overrated with 4 ladder-points. White to win.

B: G. Zackodjakin 1931

C: H. Rinck 1921

As for B, this is also a win for White. If it were a problem rather than a study I could say: White to move and mate in 15! Which sounds a more formidable proposition than it is. Still more to simplify the earning of 5 ladder-points I might add that the study is somehow remindful of the famous Duke of York, even though, in this case, the marching down the hill is not at all pointless.

As for C—White to win—this is an unmitigated teaser, and it may well be underrated with 6 points.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 10

A: (1) Kt-B2, B-Kt2. (2) P-B7, R-QB3. (3) P-R7, R x Kt. (4) B-Q2, P-R7. (5) QRP queens, P queens, ch. (6) Q x Q, B x Q. (7) QBP queens, R x Q. (8) B-B3, R-QKt1. (9) B-Kt2, R-Q1. (10) B-Q4, R-K1. (11) B-K5, etc.
If (8) . . . R x B. (9) KRP queens, ch, K-Kt5. (10) P-Kt7, etc.
If (6) . . . B x B. (9) P-Kt7, B x P. (10) P queens, B x Q, stalemate.
If (3) . . . P-QR7. (4) B-B3, B x B. (5) QRP queens.
If (1) . . . R x KtP. (2) B-Kt6, R-Q3. (3) Kt-Q4, B-Kt2. (4) P-B7 wins.
B: *Key*: K-K2.
If (1) . . . BP queens, ch. (2) K-K3, etc.
If (1) . . . K x Kt. (2) B-Q3 ch, etc.
If (1) . . . K-Q5. (2) R-B4.

Some of our crack-solvers were either completely stumped by the Kasanzev or, at any rate, dropped a few of the 8 points by failing to plumb all the depths of this intricate study. Only four competitors achieved the feat (with comment, such as "this has worn me out!"). K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft most deservedly share the week's prizes. Next week—the tenth of the ladder—will reveal the first quartet of winners.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

GOVERNMENT of Iraq. Statistician required to take charge of the Principal Department of Statistics for one year in the first instance. Salary is 225 Iraqi Dinars a month plus high cost of living allowance between I.D. 10 and I.D.14 a month according to dependents. (1 Iraqi Dinar—£1 sterling). Free passages. Candidates should hold a degree in economics or statistics, possess a wide knowledge of official statistics and have had extensive experience in the administration of statistical work. Experience of working abroad an advantage. Apply at once by letter, stating age, full names in block letters, and full particulars of qualifications and experience, and mentioning this paper to the Crown Agents, 4, Millbank London, S.W.1, quoting M.27389/E on both letter & env. The Crown Agents cannot undertake to acknowledge all applics. and will communicate only with applicants selected for further consideration.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of General Programme Assistant, Midland Region at Birmingham. Duties will range over a wide field of broadcast programmes but will mainly relate to the production of items of topical interest reflecting life in the Midlands. Applicants must be people with wide general interests, proved writing ability, and the capacity to edit scripts and handle interviews tactfully. An acceptable microphone voice and presence and a knowledge of the Midland Counties are desirable. Starting salary £745 p.a. (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by annual increments on a five years' progression to £965 p.a. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "G.P.A.M.R., N Stm." within 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for appointment to Lectureships and Assistant Lectureships in Economics. Salary scales £600–£1,150 per annum and £450–£550 per annum respectively, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. Starting salary and date of taking up appointment by arrangement. Candidates are invited to give in their application the names of three referees and an indication of any special interests in the field of Economics. Applications should be received not later than March 16, 1951, by the Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, W.C.2, from whom further information may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Teaching Appointments 1951–52. 1. Applications are invited for the post of lecturer in Mathematics on the Scale £550 × £50–£1,100. Initial pay will be in the region of £700 depending upon qualifications, with the usual F.S.S.U. privileges and children's allowances. The candidate appointed will be required to join on October 1, 1951 and to reside in College accommodation on the College estate when available. Application forms and further information can be obtained from the Registrar, The College, Keele, Stoke-on-Trent. Applications must be received by March 31, 1951. 2. Applications are invited for the following appointments of Assistant Lecturers on the Scale £450 × £25—£500, with the usual F.S.S.U. privileges and children's allowances. Candidates appointed will be required to join on October 1, 1951 and to reside in College accommodation on the estate, when available. Application forms and further information can be obtained from the Registrar, The College, Keele, Stoke-on-Trent. Applications must be received by March 31, 1951: Two Assistant Lecturers in English Literature, One Assistant Lecturer in German, One Assistant Lecturer in French, One Assistant Lecturer in History, One Assistant Lecturer in Economics, Two Assistant Lecturers in Geography, Three Assistant Lecturers in Physics, two Assistant Lecturers in Chemistry, two Assistant Lecturers in Biology, two Assistant Lecturers in Geology, three Assistant Lecturers in Education.

ANGLO-Iranian Oil Company require one mathematician, one mathematical physicist and one physicist with some mathematical ability, with 1st or 2nd class honours degrees, for posts at a new research and development centre on the Nottinghamshire Oilfield. The work will involve theoretical investigation of the movement of fluids in oil reservoirs and problems connected with the recovery of oil. Methods and equipment will be developed for electrical recording at surface of a wide range of physical observations on oil and gas bearing formations penetrated in drill wells. The observations include resistivity of formations, radio-activity, temperature, pressure, fluid velocity, well diameter, etc. The equipment will also be used for actuating sample devices and special bottom hole instruments. The mathematician will be concerned with oil reservoir future production performance and the mathematical physicist with the allied survey research and development work. The physicist will be responsible for interpretation of records and laboratory experiments, both electrical and physical, bearing on interpretation. Men with some years' practical experience of electronics preferred for the two latter posts. Applicants, aged from 27-35, should be prepared to go abroad for periods extending to six months. Write, giving full details and quoting Department M.1415, to Box 6126 at 191 Gresham House, E.C.2.

RADIO & Television sales and service engineer (London area). Good position offered to capable man. State age and full details of career. Box 1771.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIAN Broadcasting Commission. Producer of Variety (New South Wales). Applications are invited for appointment to the position of Producer of Variety, on the Auxiliary Programme Staff of the Commission in Sydney. Applicants should furnish full details of qualifications particularly in regard to theatrical and broadcasting experience. Applicants should also state full name and age and forward copies only of references. The salary of the position will be subject to negotiation. Preference will be given in terms of the Re-establishment and Employment Act. Applications should be forwarded to the Assistant Controller of Administration (Personnel), Australian Broadcasting Commission, Box 487, G.P.O., Sydney, Australia, to reach him by 2.30 p.m. on Wed., March 14, 1951.

THE Army College, Welbeck Abbey. Applications are invited to fill two vacant posts, as below, for Civilian Lecturers on a salary scale £550–£650 p.a. at the College, which supplies short residential courses in connection with the Resettlement of Officers and Other Ranks of the Regular Army. 1. Commerce Department. Candidates should be Chartered Accountants with Business and Lecturing experience. 2. General Studies Department. Candidates should be Honours graduates in Economics with knowledge of Social Sciences and Teaching and Lecturing experience. Single accommodation available at a fair rental basis. Particulars and Application Forms obtainable from The Under Secretary of State, The War Office (AE1), Stanmore, Mddx. Closing date March 14, 1951.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Appointment of a Warden. Applications are invited for the post of Warden or Assistant Warden of a Men's Hall of Residence. The candidate appointed will be required to undertake lecture or tutorial work in one of the subjects taught in the College. The initial salary will be according to qualifications and will be not less than that of an Assistant Lecturer (Scale £450 × £25—£500) together with free furnished quarters and other allowances. The salary for an Assistant Warden will be in accordance with qualifications. Application forms and further information can be obtained from the Registrar, The College, Keele, Stoke-on-Trent. Applications must be received by March 31, 1951.

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HOUSEFATHER (experienced) required by Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood. Salary £225 p.a., rising to £300, with full emoluments. Apply in writing to Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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PERSONAL

FRANCES Hodgkins. Will private and public owners of works by the late Frances Hodgkins kindly send title, medium, date and size of such works for inclusion in a forthcoming monograph to The Editor, Rockliff Publishing Corporation, Ltd., 1 Dorset Bldgs., Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4.

INTERNATIONAL teams (volunteers from Britain and abroad) available this summer to undertake simple constructive tasks. Our aim is practical peacemaking. We have helped to build community halls, make playgrounds, clear slag heaps—work of public usefulness or charitable intent which would otherwise remain undone. Suggestions welcome. International Voluntary Service for Peace, 3 Cromwell Road, S.W.7. Supported by contributions, members and sympathisers. Independent any political/denominational connection.

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EVERYMAN. Ham 1525. Until March 4: "Magnani and Fabrizi in Rossellini's "Open City" (A). From March 5: Leslie Howard in "Pygmalion" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Sunday, Mar. 4, 7.30. "Ramuntcho" (U).

EAST and West Film Society. "Quai des Brumes" (French); "Lord Siva Danced" (Indian). Sat., March 10, 3.30. Mems. 3s. 6d., guests 4s. 6d. Annual subscription 5s. Enrol now at the Irving Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. WHI. 3678.

WATERGATE Theatre, 29 Buckingham St., Strand (TRA. 6261). Film Society. "Atonement of Gosta Berling" (Garbo). "Legend of St. Orsola" (Emmer). Till March 4, 7.30, Sun. 7. Mems.

TRAVEL enthusiasts are invited to a Cocktail Party followed by Show of Holiday Films and Travel Forum, March 7, 6.30-10 p.m., Westminster. Travel experts, including Miss Rose Macaulay and the Manager of the Austrian State Tourist Department, will answer your questions. Full details: Brna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

HAMPSTEAD (large) Town Hall. Soviet film "Academician Pavlov." Mar. 13, 8 p.m. Tkts. 1s. & s.a.e to Percival, 19 Welbeck Mans., Inglewood Rd., N.W.6. B.S.F.S.

MOUNTAINEERING Association Films. Caxton Hall, Westminster. March 5, 7.30 p.m. "Avalanche Patrol." "Kamet Conquered," "Ski-ing in Austria," "Aiguilles du Diable." Tickets 2s. 6d. from Large, 43 Rainsford Lane, Chelmsford, or at door.

JOAN Cross, Anne Wood, Peter Pears, Bruce Boyce. (Presented by The English Opera Group.) Pianists: Michael Mullinar & Norman Franklin. "Liebeslieder Walzes" (Brahms). "Spanisches Liederspiel" (Schumann), and duets by Monteverde, Purcell, etc. (Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Tues. next, at 7.30. Tkts.: 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s., from usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

EILEEN Joyce. London Symphony Orchestra, Sir Malcolm Sargent. Royal Albert Hall. This Sunday at 3. Suite No. 3 in D, Bach; Piano Concerto in F minor, Bach; Fantasia and Fugue in C minor, Bach-Elgar; Variations on a Nursery Theme, Dohnanyi; "Images," Debussy; presented by London Symphony Orch, Ltd., (in assn. A.C. Gt. B.). Last Concert of 37th Series. Mgt. Harold Holt, Ltd. 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. Ken. 8212, and all Agents.

FIRST appearance in England: Michael Mann—piano, Yaltah Menuhin—piano; Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlboro' St., W.1. Sat., March 3, at 7. Tickets: 3s. 6d. from WMA (PAD. 8670). Works by Ariosti, Schubert, Hindemith, Lutyens, Milhaud.

SOUTH Place Sunday Concerts. Mar. 4, 6.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. Amadeus String Quartet. Mozart D mi. K.421; F, K.590; A, K.464. Adm. 1s.

COMMITTEE for the Promotion of New Music presents Special Concert of Victor Carne Prize works. Salle Erard, Gt. Marlborough St., W.1, at 6.30 on Tues., Mar. 6.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Recital by the Studio Group Music Circle. (Schubert, Haydn, etc.) Sunday, March 4, at 8 p.m. Non-mems. 1s.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Sat., March 3, 7.30-11 p.m. Dance-Social with programme by Folk-Dancing Group. Band. Licensed Bar for Members only. Adm. 2s. 6d. Members, 1s. 6d. Friends. (Refreshments inc.).

DANCE organised by Cent. London Fabian Soc., Sat., March 3, 7.30 p.m., at Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

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GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. 1st London Exhibition of the Belgian painter, Jean-Jacques Gaillard. Beg. Mar. 6.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., London, W.1. Notable Purchases & Paintings by Marcoussis.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "The Artist: Self Portrait and Environment." March 4-23. Mon.-Fri. 10 to 5. Sundays 2 to 5. Adm. free.

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EXHIBITION of Landscapes by Helen Kapp at The Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Until March 12.

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EXHIBITIONS—continued

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DANISH Illustrators of Today. An Arts Council Exhibition, Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open daily, except Sundays, until March 3, 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission Free.

IRVING Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq., W.C.2. Some British Masters of the 18th and 19th Centuries. 10-5.30; Sat., 10-1. Until March 10.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Paintings for Hire. Olga Martin, Russell Quay.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Jan Le Witt. New Lithographs by Picasso, Masson, Laurens and Kermadec. Until March 10.

R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1. Open Assembly 10-5. Adm. 1s. Feb. 23-March 17.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—4th Series—Bonnard, Daumier, Ingres, Pissarro, etc., & important Degas bronzes. Dly. 10-5.30; Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tues., March 6, at 7.45 p.m. Meeting with Dr. D. A. Wooster, M.A., Ph.D., Lecturer at Cambridge University, on "How I See Czechoslovakia." Chair: Mr. K. Campbell. Adm. free, all welcome.

CLASS Z Reservists. Re-call conference. Lecture Room, Central Hall, Westminster, Thurs., March 15, 7 p.m. Speakers: Victor Yates, M.P., Sybil Morrison, P.P.U. Organiser, Bernard Withers, Secy. Central Board for Conscientious Objectors. Chair: Stuart Morris, Gen. Secy. P.P.U. Adm. free. Organised by Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

I.C.A. Current Exhibition: Humphrey Jennings Memorial Exhibition. Mar. 6, 8.15 p.m., Humphrey Jennings poetry and prose; Chairman: Charles Madge. Readers: Bernard Miles and Kathleen Raine. Mar. 8, 7.30 p.m., "Public View." Discussion at Burlington House on the Royal Academy Exhibition. "L'Ecole de Paris." Chairman: Eric Newton. Mar. 9, 8 p.m., Stravinsky in America. Record recital presented by Dennis Dobson. Mar. 10, 8-11 p.m., At Home. Sketches by Marcelle Sauvageot. Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17/18 Dover St., W.1. Gro. 6186. New members welcome.

COMPTON Mackenzie presides over Brains Trust (incl. Daniel George, Wilson Midgeley, Julian Symons) to answer Soviet writers' questions on English literary periodicals, Tues., March 13, 7.30. Parties from SCR Writers' Group, 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

WILLESDEN Ballet Circle. Lecture-Demonstration. Peggy Van Praagh, Ballet Mistress, Sadlers Wells Theatre Ballet, Dems. Maryon Lane, David Blair, Thurs., March 15, 8 p.m. Mapesbury Hall, Willesden Lane. Partics. C. Greenfield, 20 Dean Rd., N.W.2.

SIR Adrian Boult, O.St.J., M.A., D.Mus. (Oxon), will preside at a Musical Forum for the St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Mon., Mar. 5, 8 p.m. Adm. Free.

AZIZ Balouch will speak on "Sufism" on March 4, at 17 Great Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

SEX Education Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London, W.C.1, 7.30 p.m. Monday, March 5. Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., on "Sterilisation." Further lectures will take place on April 9 and May 7. Admission non-members 2s. Enquiries with stamped addressed envelope to 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. 'Phone WEL.beck 7840.

PERSONALIST Group. Marcus Sims on "The Philosophy of Karl Jaspers." Thurs. March 8, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. March 10, at 6 p.m. Señor Juan F. Fabregat: "Desenvolvimiento economico-social en la America Latina: (2) Zona sur Pacifico: Chile, Bolivia, Peru, Equador y Colombia."

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "The Italian Film." Lecture by Anthony Simmons, LL.D. Tuesday, March 6, at 8 p.m. Non-members 1s.

EX-Service men & women! Can war be averted? Public meeting Hampstead Town Hall, 8 p.m., Mon., March 5. Adm. free.

WATFORD Peace Council invites you to hear Lady Parmoor and Sybil Morrison, 7.30 p.m., small Town Hall, March 6, Rev. A. D. Belden in the Chair. Adm. 6d.

"NO German Re-armament—No War with China." Kensington Town Hall, 8 p.m., Monday, March 5. Speakers: Rev. Stanley Evans and Mr. Alun Falconer. Adm. 6d.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Mar. 4: Mind Control.

BUDDHIST Society, Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. Public Lecture, Thurs., March 8, 6.30. "First Principles of Buddhism (3): The Four Noble Truths." Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

HUGH MacDiarmid on his recent Soviet Tour. Community House, 214 Clyde St., Glasgow, Sun. March 4, 7 p.m. Scottish U.S.S.R. Society.

STUDENTS in London: R. Palme Dutt (Editor, "Labour Monthly") will speak and answer your questions on "The British Road to Socialism," the new Communist programme. Thursday, March 8, at 6.30 p.m., in Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road (2 mins. from Chancery Lane Tube). Adm. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Mon., March 5, 7.30 p.m., N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. "The Poet and Society": Discussion—leader, Tom Fassam. Adm. 1s. 6d.

TALIESIN PMG: Poetry and Music old and new. 1st Meeting: Clifford Dyment, Iain Fletcher, James Kirkup; Mozart and Delius songs. 6.20 Friends' House, Euston Rd.; both membership and visitors. Alternate Tuesdays Mar. 6, 20, Apr. 3, &c. Details Sec., 4 Meadow Crescent, New Hythe, Kent.

CELEBRATE International Women's Day: Friends' House, Euston Rd. N.W.1, Wed., March 7, 7 p.m. Pageant: Women in Action; Delegates from Soviet Union, Italy, &c. Tckts. 1s. 6d. I.W.D. 174 Uxbridge Rd. W.12.

THE Basis and Purpose of Soviet Education; a discussion opened by Brian Simon and Deana Levin, Tues., March 6, 7.30. S.C.R. Education Section, 14 Kensington Square, W.8.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society (Tel. LANgham 6593). Brains Trust on Poland—in response to requests from many of our members. A team of British and Polish experts will answer your questions on Friday, March 2, at 7.45 p.m., at 81 Portland Place, W.1. All welcome. Refreshments.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Individualism, Old and New." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., Queensway W.2. Sun. Mar. 4 11 a.m.

"PEACE with China." Wembley. Speakers: Lord Chorley, Mrs. F. Lask, Lieut.-Col. Read Collins, March 7, 8 p.m. at Preston Manor County School, Wembley Park.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Mar. 6, F. Stefani, "Rationalism's Blind Spot." Admission free. Collection.

THE Nature Cure Clinic. "Animal and Human Health": The Relationship. Mr. F. Newman Turner, Editor, "The Farmer," Mon., March 5, 7.30 p.m., Friends' House, Euston Rd., N.W.1. Adm. 2s.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Thursday, 7.30 p.m. March 8: "Essentials of Indian Psychology" (continued).

HAMPSTEAD Ethical Soc., Sun., March 4, at 7.45. 783 Finchley Rd., Golders Grn. (Regal 13 mins. bus stop): Heinrich Fraenkel: "Arms and The German."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Mar. 4, Archibald Robertson, M.A., "Man and Society—a False Antithesis." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London.—A course of two lectures on "The Individual and the State" will be delivered by Professor Sir Alexander Gray (Edinburgh), at 5 p.m., on March 9 and 12, at London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. March 9: The Individual and the State in Adam Smith: March 12: The Individual and the State in Friedrich List. Admission free, without ticket.

"CALL-UP Bill"—"Incitement" Clause to be discussed at Conference on State of Civil Liberties, Battersea Town Hall, today and to-morrow, Sat./Sun., March 3 and 4. Delegates, observers and visitors tickets from National Council for Civil Liberties, 46 Westminster Grove, W.2, or at door.

FEDERATION or Co-operation? Progressive Labour Conference on the Integration of Europe. Royal Hotel, London, March 10-11 at 2.30 and 5.30 each day. George Catlin, Dennis Healey, Anthony Crosland, M.P., and Miss Josephy. Chair all mtgs., C. R. M. Jowd. Tickets: all mtgs. and dance 10s. 6d., or with meals 25s., from 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2, marked "Int. Eur."

"BRITISH Diplomacy and the Crisis in East and West," Week-end Conference organised by Central London Fabian Society, March 16-18. Beatrice Webb Memorial House, Nr. Dorking. Speakers include Andrew Ross, Norman MacKenzie and Sidney Silverman, M.P. Apply Miss Johnstone, 198 Somervell Rd., S. Harrow, Middx.

EXPERIMENTS in Expression.—Painting, Dancing, Drama, and Music-making week-ends at Brasters Park, Ipsden, Oxon, both for those who can and for those who think they can't but would like to. Dance and Drama: March 30-April 1. Painting: April 6-8 (studio open 2 weeks for enthusiasts). Music: April 13-15. Particulars from Secretary.

HILDE Holger Studio of Modern Dance. Evg. Classes, Amateurs, Men, Women. Few vacs. for children (4-6, 6-10). Creative method of teaching. Studio: Baker St. Enq.: 18 Parliament Hill, N.W.3. HAM. 0698.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

REHABILITATION Short Course: "The Epileptic." March 15, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1. Chairman: H. H. Bagnall, Esq. Speakers: Dr. E. A. Blake Pritchard, M.D., F.R.C.P. Professor F. L. Golla, O.B.E., F.R.C.P., Dr. C. W. M. Whitty, B.A., B.Sc., M.R.C.P., W. E. Aston, Esq., Dame Georgiana Buller, D.B.E., R.R.C., J.P. Discussion. Course Fee 10s. 6d. Programmes available from British Council for Rehabilitation, Tavistock House (South), Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1 (BUSton 4037), or at Victoria Hall on March 15.

A CONFERENCE on "Community Mental Health in Practice" is being held on March 12 and 13, at the Assembly Rooms, St. Pancras Town Hall, London, N.W.1. For programme and tickets (inclusive: 2 days £1 5s.; Day, 11s 6d.; Sessional, 6s.), apply to the Conference Sec., National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St., London, W.1.

FABIAN Society: George Bernard Shaw Memorial Lectures, March 6. Central Hall, S.W.1. 7.15. "Our Debt to Shaw." Benn W. Levy. Tkts. 2s. 6d. at door.

CHRISTIAN Action. A Week-end Conference, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, April 6-9. "The Christian Response in the Present Situation." Among those who hope to take part are Lord Halifax, Lord Pakenham, Mr. Victor Gollancz, Sir Richard Acland, M.P., The Rev. Gordon Lang, M.P., Douglas Hyde, Father Corbishley, S.J., Sydney Walton, The Rev. A. D. Belden, B.D., W. T. Williams, M.P. For full particulars apply Secretary, Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, E.C.4.

MUSIC and the Film: 3-day course to be opened at the Music Room, Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Great Russell St., W.C.1, April 4, by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Other speakers to include leading composers, a studio music director, a sound recordist, as well as British Film Institute staff lecturers. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. each day. The first course of its kind, giving opportunity for the serious study of film music, and of the use of films and of the film-going habit in the service of musical education. Thus the course is of particular interest to educational organisers, lecturers and teachers of music. Tuition fee (only) 25s. Numbers necessarily very limited. Fuller particulars and application form from Stanley Reed, Course Organiser, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.1.

VACATION Course on Wool. International Wool Secretariat: Tues., March 27, to mid-day Sat., March 31, 1951 (inclusive), at the L.C.C. Technical College for the Furnishing Trades, London, W.C.2. A non-residential day course arranged by the Department of Education of the International Wool Secretariat for men and women teachers of history, geography, economics, commerce, arts and crafts, science and domestic science in Primary and Secondary Schools, Technical Schools, Schools of Arts and Crafts, Teachers' Training Colleges, etc. Lectures, supported by films and film-strips, will be given on: Wool Growing; Wool Marketing; Woollen and Worsted Cloth Manufacture; History and Geography of Wool; Cloth Construction and Judgment; Science of the Wool Fibre—including recent technical developments; Development of Fashions in Wool. There will also be simple laboratory work and demonstrations of hand-spinning, hand-loom weaving, etc. A certificate will be awarded to students who complete the course satisfactorily. Fee 10s 6d. For further details and forms of application apply to: P. A. Wells, M.A., M.Sc., 7 Inst. of Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., S.W.1.

UNIVERSITY of Bristol. Department of Education. A one-year course for the Certificate in Youth Leadership will be organised commencing in October, 1951. Applicants would be not less than 23 years of age on entry to the course and will be required to produce evidence of having attained an educational standard likely to enable them to profit from a course of University studies. They must also have done a substantial amount of practical youth work in a paid or voluntary capacity. Final acceptance for the course will be limited to candidates who satisfy the selection board which will be held in June. Application forms and further details from the Professor of Education, Royal Fort, Tyndall's Park, Bristol, 8, to whom they should be returned not later than April 30.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August, September. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 21gns.; 21 days, 25gns.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1951 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

INTERMEDIATE and Final Degree examinations of London University in Arts & Econs. Science for 1st M.B. Details: Senior Tutor, St. Christopher's University College, 8 Gloucester Ave., Regent's Park, N.W.1.

MAYFAIR Secretarial College, 57 Duke Street, W.1, and Park Lane, W.1, provides training for High Grade Secretarial Posts. New Courses comm. April 16 and 23.

(Lecture Courses, etc., cont. on p. 259)

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 258 and 259

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